

With eyes that shine like searchlights

THAT'S THE CAT-MAN

# CRASH

## COMICS

NOVEMBER

No. 5

10¢

In Canada  
15c

THE ONLY  
HUMAN WITH  
9 LIVES...THE  
SENSATIONAL  
CAT-MAN!  
IN THIS ISSUE!



STRONGMAN



THE BLUE STREAK



BUCK BURKE

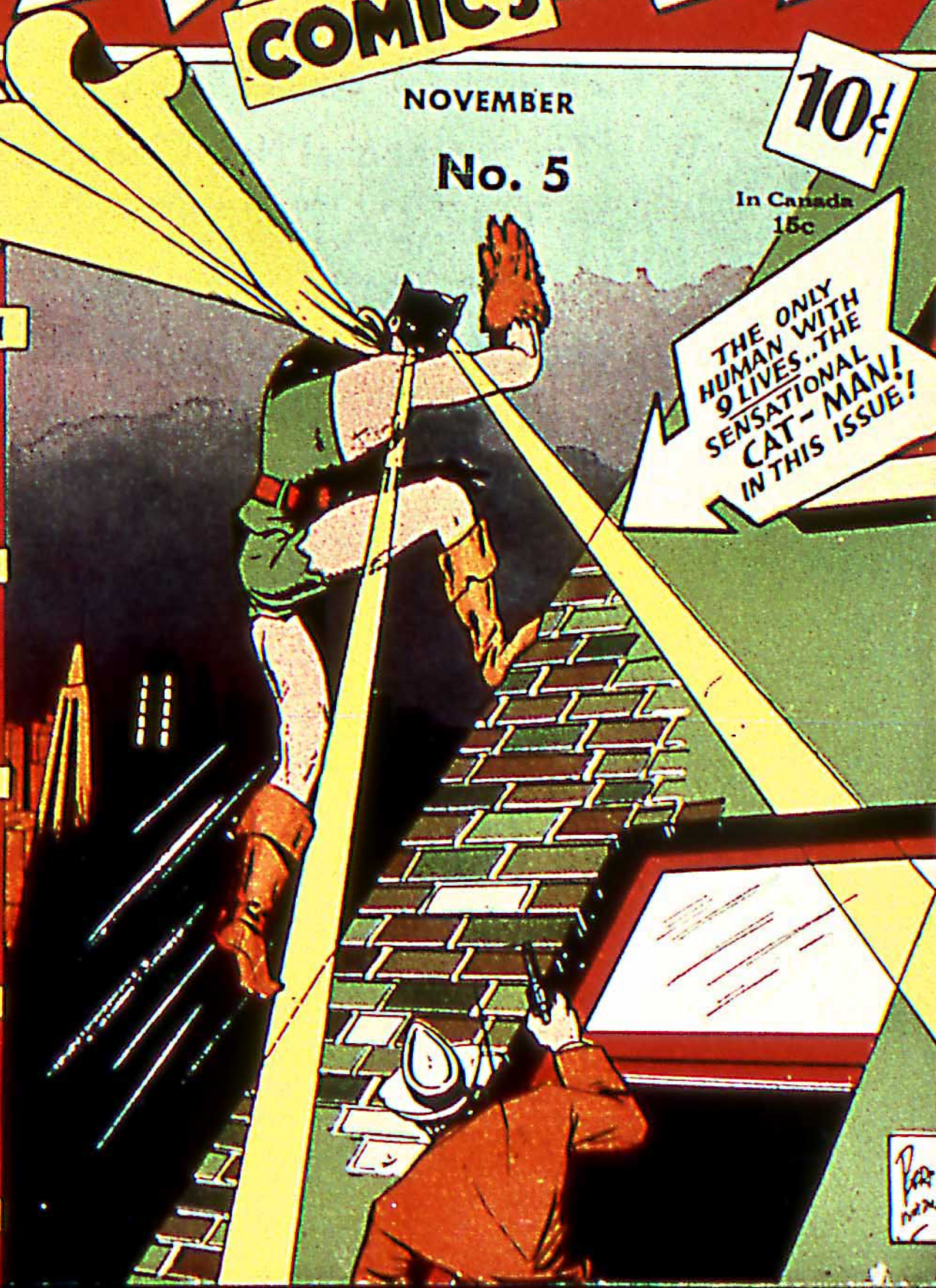


SECRET AGENT Z-2



SHANGRA

STRONGMAN VS. DICTATOR... THIS IS THE ISSUE







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Read the 3 OUTSTANDING COMIC MAGAZINES

*At All Newsstands*

## ***Crash Comics***

With The Sensational New Character

**THE CAT-MAN**

*The Only Human With 9 Lives*

Also The Super-Human of the Comics

**STRONGMAN**

## ***Speed Comics***

With the Inimitable SHOCK GIBSON

AND

## ***Whirlwind Comics***

With the Dynamic CYCLONE Character

and The Ace of the Airways

**THE MASKED PILOT**



# STRONGMAN



STRONGMAN, THE MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW AMONG THE ORDINARY PEOPLE OF TODAY! A MAN OF MUSCLE AND MENTALITY-- WITH THE STRENGTH OF COUNTLESS HUMANS AND A BRAIN WITHOUT PEER. AS A CRUSADER FOR GOOD AGAINST EVIL, HE DARES ANY FEAT, REGARDLESS OF DANGER. WE FIND HIM NOW, A SHORT TIME AFTER HE HAS SAVED THE PEOPLE OF SCANDIA FROM THE HORRORS OF WAR, IN THE GUISE OF PERCY WATNORTON, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY BLAYBOY, ON THE WAY TO THE THEATER IN POLARIA, WHERE HE IS VACATIONING WITH FRIENDS.

IN THE TAXI--

THE BEGINNING OF WHAT PROMISES TO BE A GAY AFTER-NOON

WELL PERCY, AT LEAST YOU'RE GOOD FOR A LAUGH!

WELL, THAT'S SOMETHING!

GOOD OLD POLARIA. IT'S A PEACEFUL, HAPPY-LAND!



I'LL HAVE TO BREAK AWAY FROM HERE. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF WHAT I SEE!

YOU GO INSIDE, FOLKS... I'LL BE ALONG SOON. I NEED A DRINK!

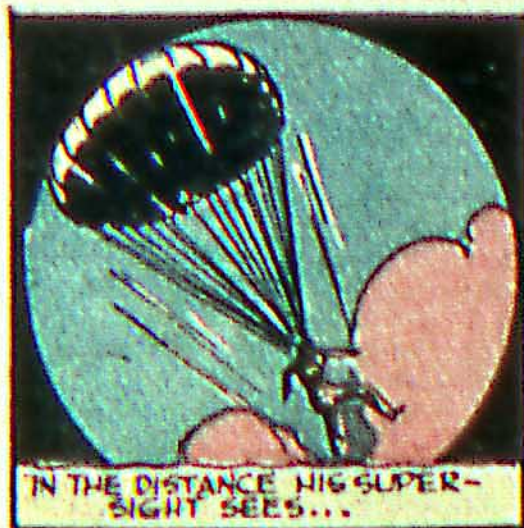
THAT'S YOU ALL OVER, PERCY!

OKAY, LET'S GO. BUT DON'T DRINK TOO MUCH!



AS PERCY IS ABOUT TO BUY TICKETS HE GLANCES SKYWARD AND SEES SOMETHING THAT ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION...





IN THE DISTANCE HIS SUPER-SIGHT SEES...



PARACHUTISTS! THE SIXTH COLUMN, POLARIA IS IN DANGER!

HE QUICKLY HOPS INTO A CAB AND CHANGES TO HIS STRONGMAN CLOTHES



HERE'S YOUR FARE, KEEP THE CHANGE!

HEY! YOU AIN'T THE GUY WHO HIRED THIS CAB!



TOO LATE FOR THAT ONE, HERE'S HIS PARACHUTE-- I'LL WAIT HERE FOR OTHERS!



LOOKING UP FAR ABOVE THE SKY.

THAT FIRST ONE WAS JUST A SCOUT. HERE COMES THE FIRST PARACHUTE COMPANY. I MUST STOP THEM!



I'LL MAKE ONE LONG-ROPE OUT OF ALL THE PIECES!

RIPE!



AND FROM A NEARBY ROCK HE FASHIONS A BOOM-ERANG WITH HIS POWERFUL HANDS!

I'LL HAVE TO HURRY-- THEY'RE MORE THAN HALFWAY DOWN NOW. IT'S A GOOD THING I DON'T NEED A CHISEL FOR THIS WORK!



THIS OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!

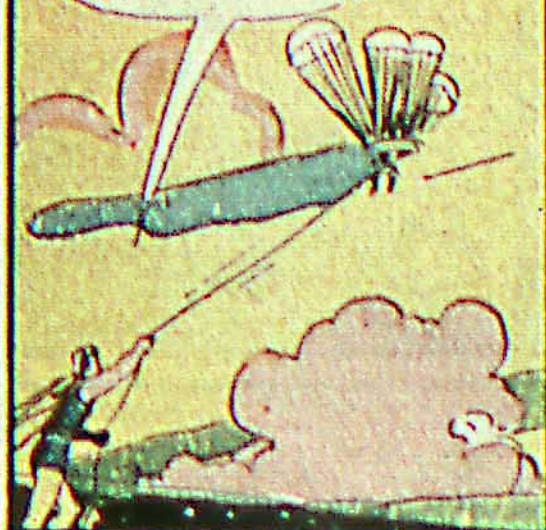


I SHOULD REACH THEM JUST AS THEY LAND!



THE BOOMERANG ROPE TANGLES THE PARACHUTES

THERE! MY LITTLE BUTTERFLIES!



STRONG-  
MAN  
CAPTURES  
THE  
ENTIRE  
COMPANY

NICE OF YOU GENTLEMEN  
TO CALL - ESPECIALLY  
SINCE YOU BROUGHT  
ME SOME ELEGANT  
SHOOTING IRONS!

YOU ARE NOT  
SO CLEFFER,  
MINE FINE FRIEND  
SOON COMES A  
WHOLE ARMY FROM  
THE SKIES INTO  
POLARIA!

A BIG  
SURPRISE  
YOU ARE  
GOING  
TOGET!



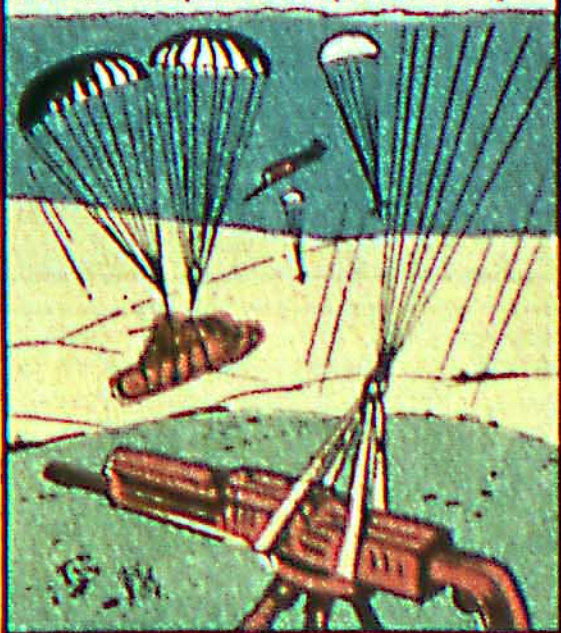
BUT IN A  
FEW  
MOMENTS  
THE  
SKY  
IS  
BLACKENED  
WITH  
NEW  
ARRIVALS

YOU BOYS WEREN'T  
FOOLING, WERE  
YOU?

WE NEFFER  
MAKE JOKE.  
NOW YOU  
PAY FOR  
YOUR IN-  
TERFERENCE!



HUGE TANKS, TOO ARE, DROPPED!



THE  
SIXTH  
COLUMN  
LANDS  
IN  
FULL  
FORCE



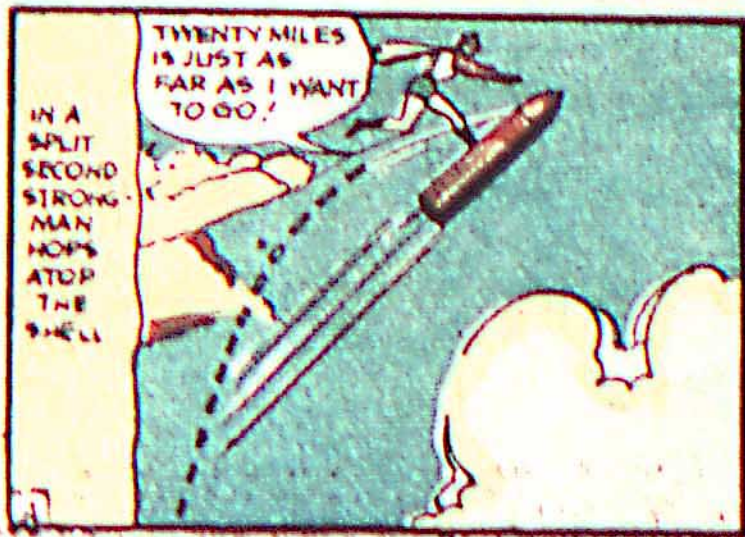
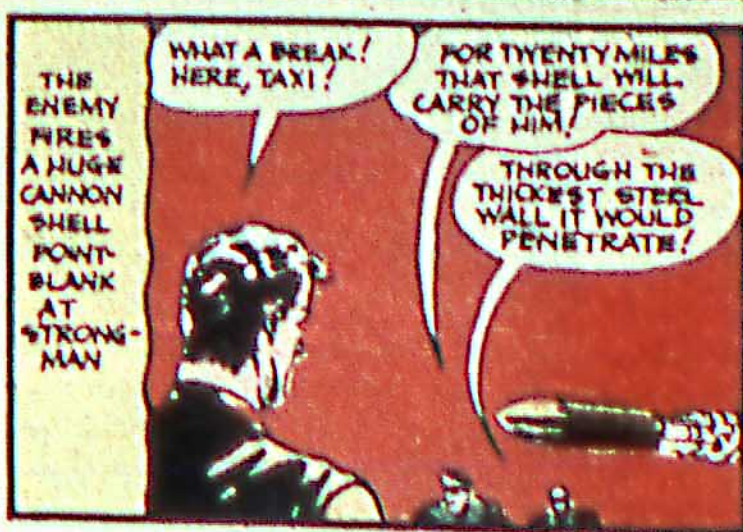
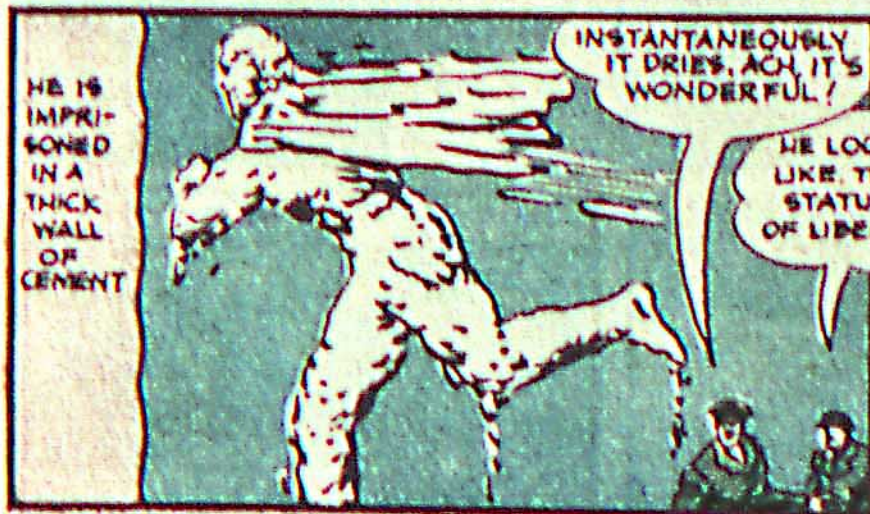
STRONGMAN ATTACKS!

THE BEST DEFENSE  
IS A STRONG  
OFFENSE!

SHOOT DOWN  
THAT CRAZY  
MAN!



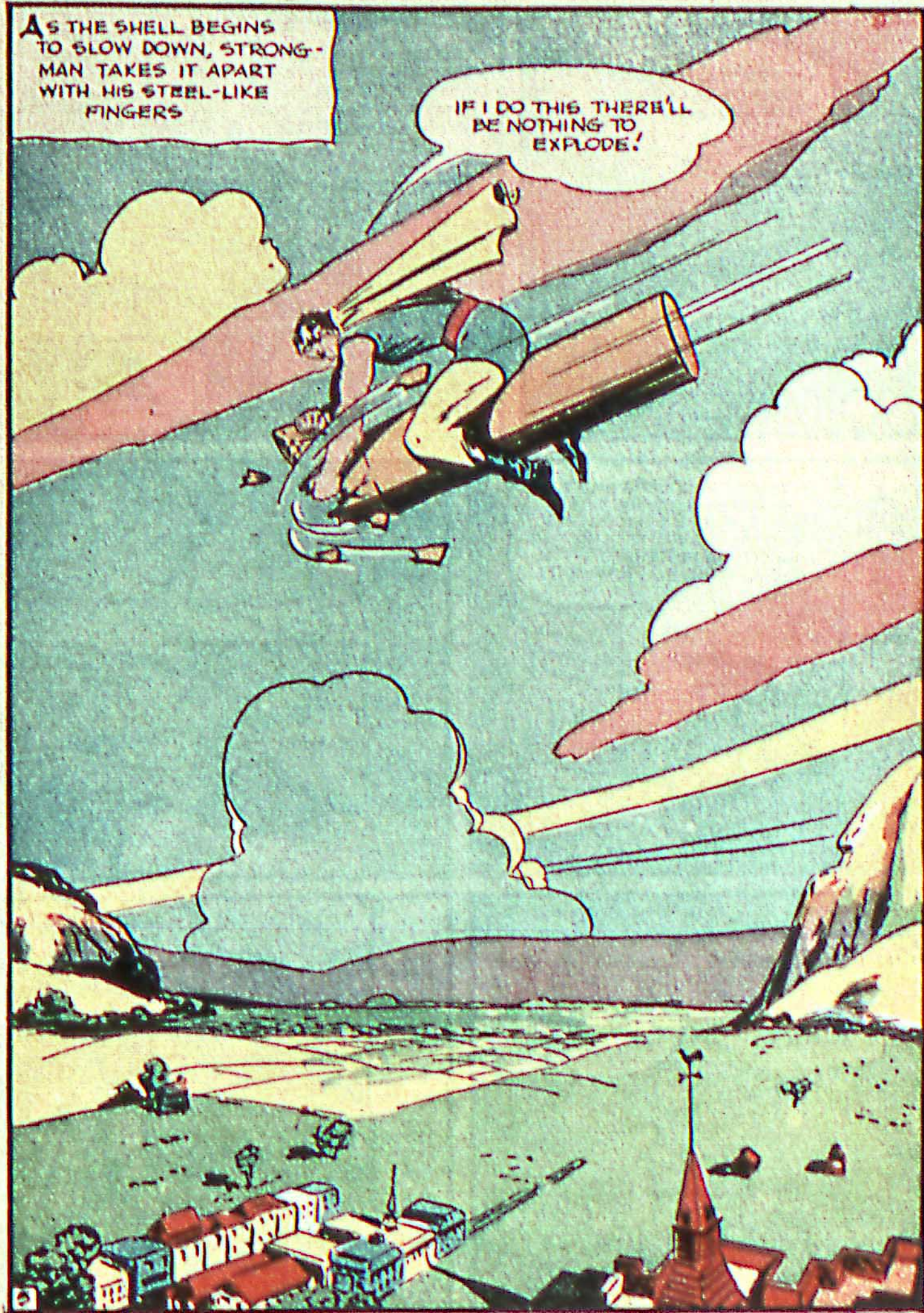




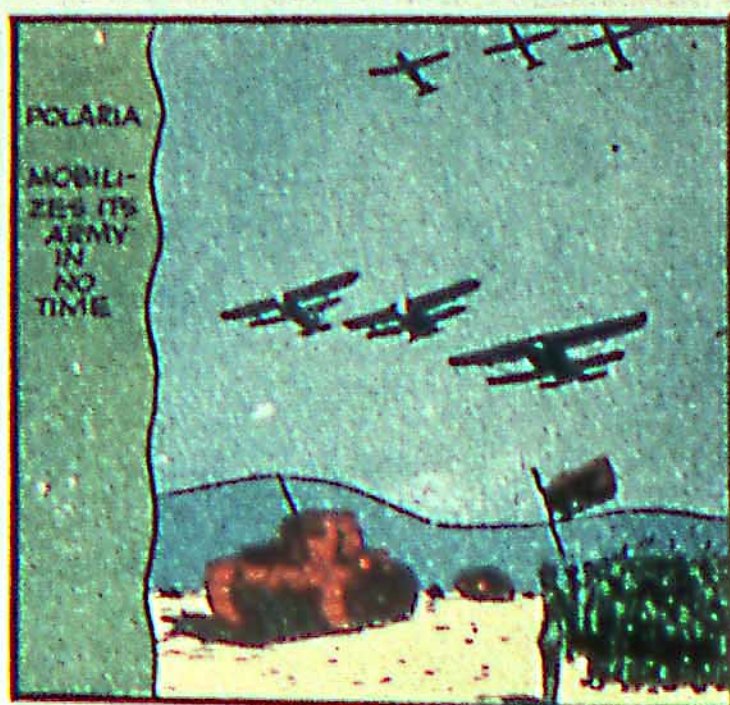


AS THE SHELL BEGINS  
TO SLOW DOWN, STRONG-  
MAN TAKES IT APART  
WITH HIS STEEL-LIKE  
FINGERS

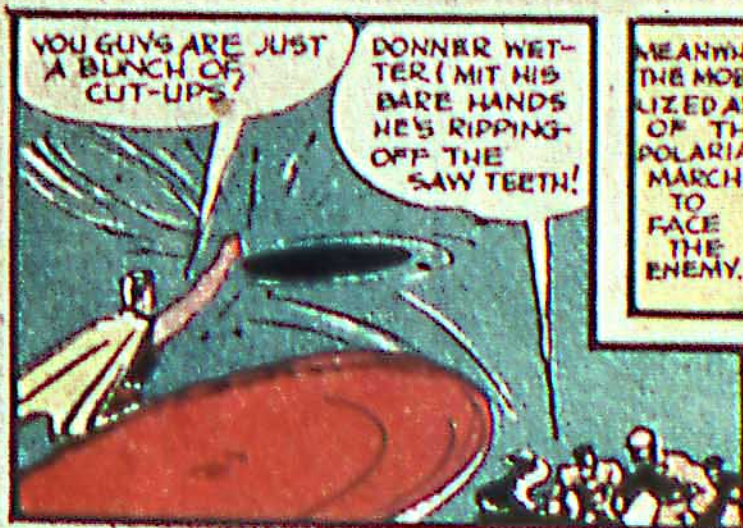
IF I DO THIS THERE'LL  
BE NOTHING TO  
EXPLODE!











YOU GUYS ARE JUST A BLINCH OF CUT-UPS!

DONNER WETTER (MIT HIS BARE HANDS HE'S RIPPING-OFF THE SAW TEETH!

MEANWHILE, THE MOBILIZED ARMY OF THE POLARIANS MARCH TO FACE THE ENEMY.



WE SHALL DIE TO THE LAST MAN BEFORE WE YIELD TO THE AGGRESSOR!



BUT WITHIN THE RANKS OF THE SMALL POLARIAN ARMY...

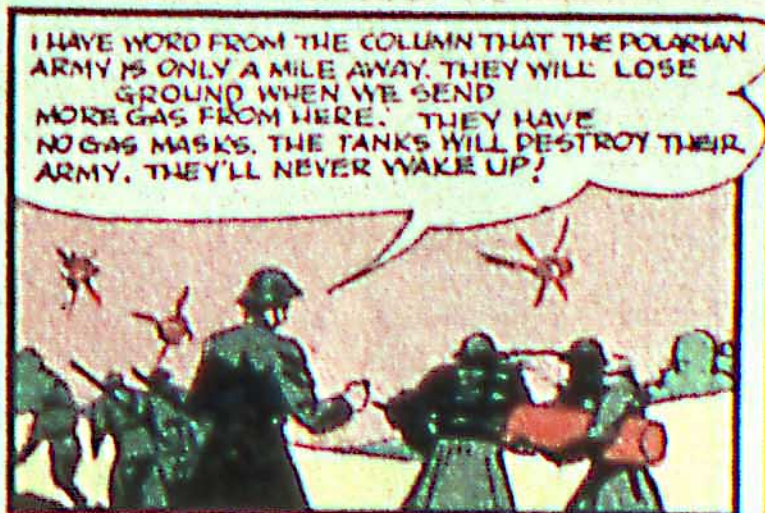
THIS IS DER TAG. WHEN WE REACH THE SIXTH COLUMN, WE DO OUR PART!

THESE STUPID POLARIANS DON'T KNOW HOW WELL WE HAVE PREPARED THE ATTACK!



THE SIXTH COLUMN GETS READY FOR ITS DIRTY WORK

GET THE GAS READY AND PUT YOUR MASK ON WE SHALL SOON PUT THIS LITTLE ARMY TO SLEEP!



I HAVE WORD FROM THE COLUMN THAT THE POLARIAN ARMY IS ONLY A MILE AWAY. THEY WILL LOSE GROUND WHEN WE SEND MORE GAS FROM HERE. THEY HAVE NO GAS MASKS. THE TANKS WILL DESTROY THEIR ARMY. THEY'LL NEVER WAKE UP!



STRONGMAN TAKES THE OFFENSIVE AGAIN

THE LESS OF YOU THERE ARE LEFT, THE BETTER THE POLARIANS WILL LIKE IT!



AS THE POLARIAN ARMY DRAWS NEAR THE SIXTH COLUMN WITHIN IT, LAGS TO THE REAR, TO BLOCK THE RETREAT.

WHEN THE GAS STARTS TO TAKE EFFECT, THESE FOOLS WILL TRY TO RETREAT!

BUT WE SHALL BLOCK THEIR RETREAT!



ON TO VICTORY, POLARIANS!

THANK HEAVEN FOR A FRIEND LIKE YOU!



FURY  
BREAKS  
LOOSE!  
STRONG-  
MAN  
JOINS  
THE  
POLA-  
RIAN  
RANKS.

BANG!  
BANG!



WE ARE ADVANCING  
AGAINST THEM!

YOU  
MEN  
SHOW  
GREAT  
COURAGE!

WE ARE  
RETREATING!  
IT'S TIME  
FOR GAS  
ATTACK!



THE  
SIXTH  
COLUMN  
ATTACKS  
WITH  
GAS!

THESE FANS WILL BLOW  
THE GAS TOWARD THE POLA-  
RIANS. WE WON'T EVEN  
HAVE TO WEAR OUR MASKS!



LOOKS LIKE DIRTY  
WORK AT THE CROSS-  
ROADS!



HE TAKES SUITABLE ACTION

THIS IS THE WAY  
WE DEAL WITH  
THE TRAITORS!

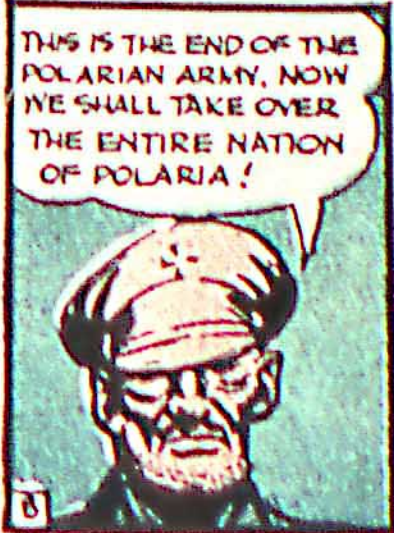


THE  
FIFTH  
COLUMN  
IS  
FOILED,  
BUT  
THE  
SIXTH  
COLUMN  
STARTS  
THE  
GAS  
ATTACK

GAS, THE MEN ARE  
GROWING SLEEPY!



THIS IS THE END OF THE  
POLARIAN ARMY. NOW  
WE SHALL TAKE OVER  
THE ENTIRE NATION  
OF POLARIA!



I'M SO SLEEPY!

WE ARE LOST!

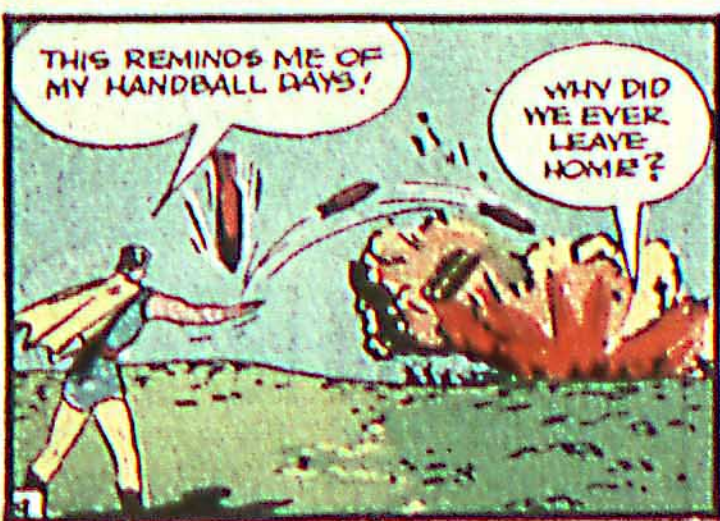
NOT YET.  
WATCH THIS  
GENERAL!



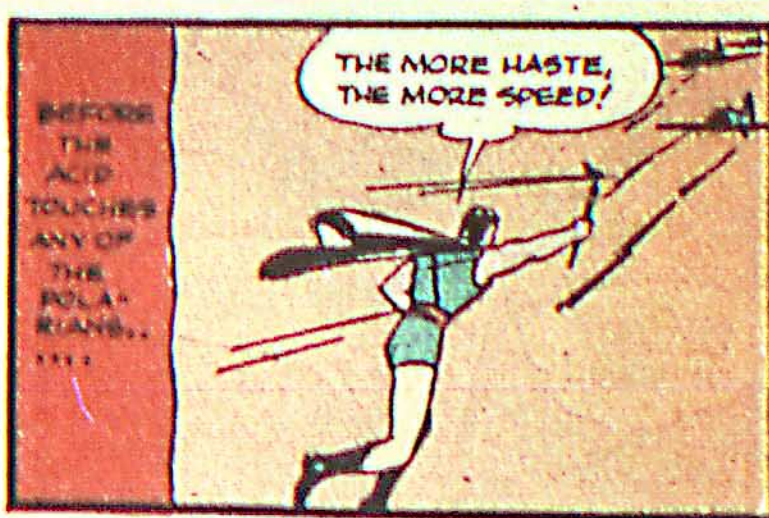
STRONGMAN INFLATES  
HIS BARREL CHEST TO  
FULL CAPACITY!





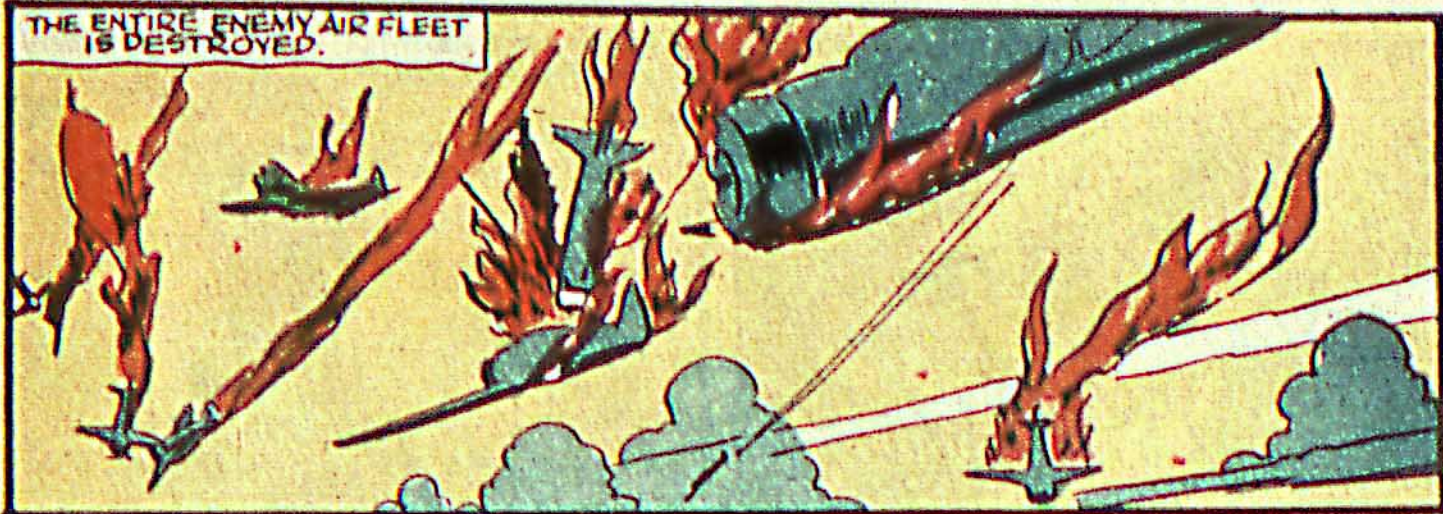








THE ENTIRE ENEMY AIR FLEET IS DESTROYED.



THE POLARIAN ARMY RESUMES ITS HOMEWARD TREK.

THAT CERTAINLY ENDS IT!

I HOPE SO!



WELL, I GUESS WE'VE GOT NOTHING MORE TO WORRY ABOUT!

I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING!



PART OF THE POLARIAN ARMY HAS REMAINED BEHIND AND HAS SET A TRAP IN CASE OF KAL-EL'S VICTORY.



HALT YOUR ARMY GENERAL. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT SPOT IN THE ROAD!

YOU'VE BEEN RIGHT EVERY TIME, SO I'LL DO IT. COMPANY HALT!



HE MARCHES AHEAD INTO THE TRAP.



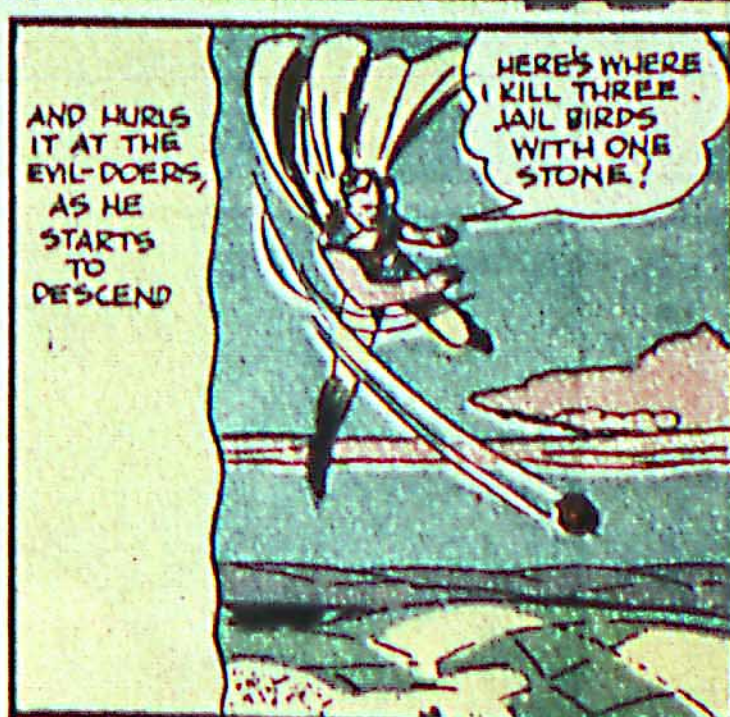
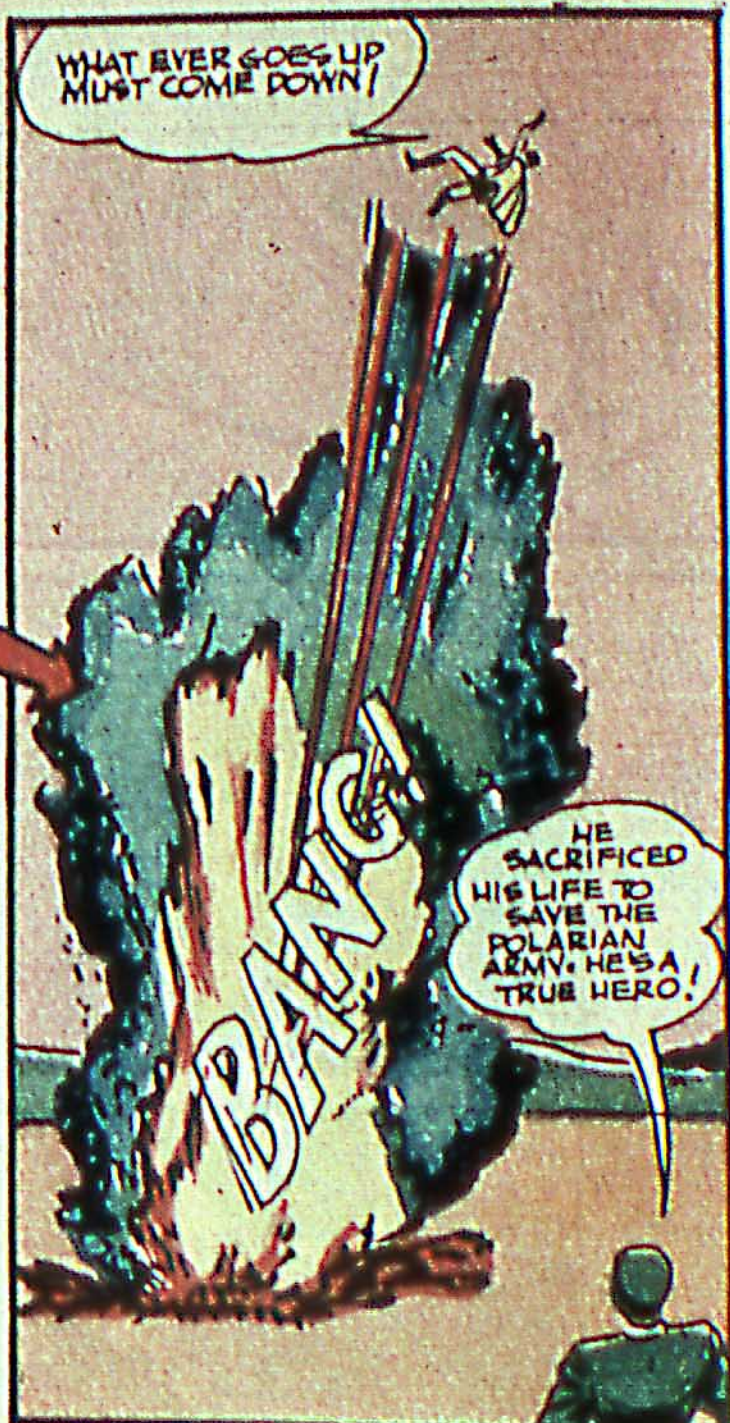
THE TRAITORS PREPARE TO SHOOT THE WORKS!

HAVE THEY REACHED THE SPOT YET?

YES, WAIT TEN SECONDS MORE!









**STRONGMAN LANDS SAFELY**

IT'S AMAZING! YOU'RE UNHARMED!

IT WAS NOTHING, GENERAL JUST A FEW TONS OF DYNAMITE. BUT I TOOK CARE OF THE TRAITORS WHO DID IT. I THINK POLARIA HAS NOTHING MORE TO WORRY ABOUT!



**AT THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S HEADQUARTERS**

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR POLARIA. I HAVE A MESSAGE HERE FROM THE AGGRESSOR DICTATOR ASKING ME TO SIGN A NON-AGGRESSION PACT.

THAT MEANS HE FEARS POLARIA, BUT I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO SIGN ANY PACTS. YOU CAN'T TRUST AN AGGRESSOR DICTATOR. KEEP YOUR ARMY EQUIPPED AND READY-- THAT'S YOUR BEST INSURANCE!



INTO A HALLWAY OF THE THEATRE WHERE HE CAME FROM STRONGMAN CHANGES BACK TO PERCY VAN NORTON

I'VE HAD MORE FUN TONIGHT THAN I COULD HAVE HAD AT ANY SHOW. NOW TO BECOME PERCY AGAIN!



HERE'S WHERE I GET BAWLED OUT!

**PERCY'S FRIENDS COME OUT**

THERE YOU ARE, PERCY. YOU MISSED THE WHOLE SHOW. YOU MUST HAVE BEEN DRINKING ALL AFTERNOON WE WERE WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

THAT'S PERCY ALL OVER!

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT PERCY. HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING ACTIVE ENOUGH TO BE DANGEROUS!

I GUESS I'M JUST A NO ACCOUNT NO-BODY. PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES!



STRONGMAN HAS SAVED THE POLARIANS FROM THE VICIOUS ATTACK OF THE AGGRESSOR, BUT AN EVEN MORE THRILLING ADVENTURE AWAITS HIM NEXT MONTH! GET YOUR **CRASH COMICS** EARLY AND BE SURE TO GO ALONG WITH **STRONGMAN** AS HE PERFORMS HIS HERCULEAN FEATS!





# The Flying TRIO

HOLY  
JUMPIN' FISH HOOKS!  
LOOKA THAT  
SWARM OF BEES  
COMIN' AT  
US!

BANG!

RAY AND LOW IN  
ONE PLANE AND  
MAC IN ANOTHER  
HAVE DOWNED THREE  
OF THE ENEMY IN  
A SAVAGE DOG  
FIGHT... SUDDENLY A  
SWARM OF ENEMY  
PLANES APPEAR  
AND THE BOYS  
ATTEMPT TO RUN  
FOR IT...

I SMELL RAW GAS!!  
THAT SHELL TORE  
A FEED LINE... WE  
CAN'T MAKE IT....!  
CUT THE MOTORS!!

AGAIN THE BOYS ARE FORCED  
DOWN BEHIND ENEMY LINES....  
WITH ONLY MINOR INJURIES  
THEY TAKE REFUGE IN A  
FOREST....

WHAT'S  
THAT  
AHEAD?



A CAPTURED  
CHATEAU, DAMAGED  
BY SHELL FIRE,  
SERVES AS  
HEADQUARTERS  
FOR THE  
ENEMY  
GENERAL STAFF....



WHOA! TWO OF THE  
CARS ARE DRIVING  
AWAY, LEAVING ONE  
THERE.... I THINK  
WE'VE STUMBLED INTO  
SOMETHIN' BIG!



ONLY TWO  
SENTRIES IN  
SIGHT.... I CAN  
SEE A GUY IN  
A WHITE UNIFORM  
IN THE BACK  
YARD



THAT'S THE  
BRASS HAT'S  
COOK TAKING  
MILK TO A  
SPRING!!  
I'VE GOT AN  
IDEA!!  
WAIT HERE!!



SO  
SORRY!

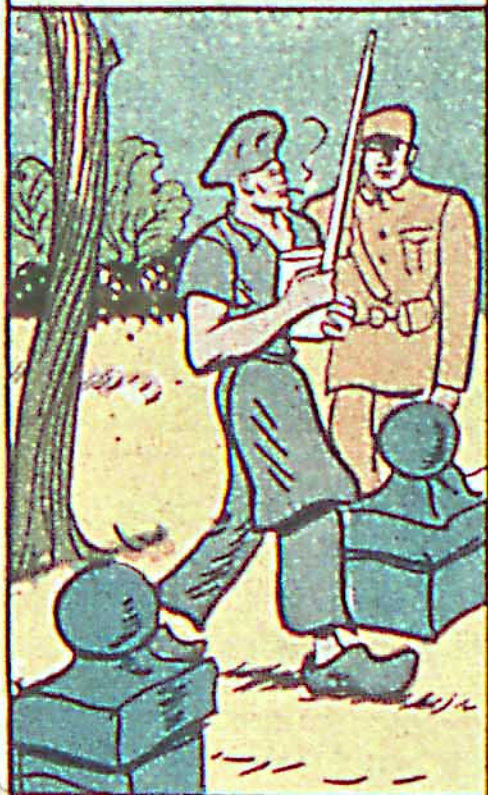


JUST MY SIZE!!  
WAIT TILL  
SING AND  
MAC SEE ME  
IN THIS  
MAKE-UP!!





THE SENTRY  
GIVES RAY NO  
HEED AS HE  
MARCHES TO THE  
KITCHEN....



IF THAT LAD  
COULD FLY LIKE  
HE CAN COOK  
THERE'D BE  
NO STOPPING  
HIM....



AS THE SENTRY  
PASSES THE  
WINDOW A  
POKER DESCENDS  
WIELDED BY THE  
NEW COOK...



THERE'S RAY  
WAVING  
ALL'S  
CLEAR!



HANS, THIS DAY YOU HAVE  
THE HONOR OF SHAVING THE  
SUPREME COMMANDER OF ALL  
DER BUTZKRIEGERS!!  
SOME DAY, MAYBE, I GIVE  
YOU AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF  
MY BOOK.... FOR YOUR  
POSTERITY!!



YOU'RE NOT AS DUMB  
AS YOU LOOK,  
MISTER! AFTER WE EAT  
LET'S GO UP AND  
THANK THE BRASS  
HAT!!



IN A CHAMBER ABOVE  
THE CHIEF OF STAFF  
RELAXES, UNAWARE  
OF DANGER....

JA!



A COOK IN  
MY CHAMBERS!!  
OUTSIDE  
STUPID DOLT!!

KEEP YOUR  
HAIR ON,  
CHUM...WE  
WANT TO  
BORROW THAT  
UNIFORM...

WE CAN'T LET THIS  
PRETZEL BENDER WASTE  
OUR TIME .... TICKLE  
HIS FEET A LITTLE  
SING.....

QUIET!

WE'D NEVER GET  
OVER THE SWISS  
BORDER WITH  
YOU IN THAT  
MAKE-UP...YOU  
JUST DON'T  
LOOK THE  
PART...!

SWELL!  
NOW YOU'RE  
A CHINESE  
AMBASSADOR  
WE'RE YOUR  
CHAUFFEUR  
AND BODY  
GUARD

HOP IN THERE  
YOUR EXCELLENCY  
AND DON'T BE  
ALL DAY  
ABOUT  
IT!!



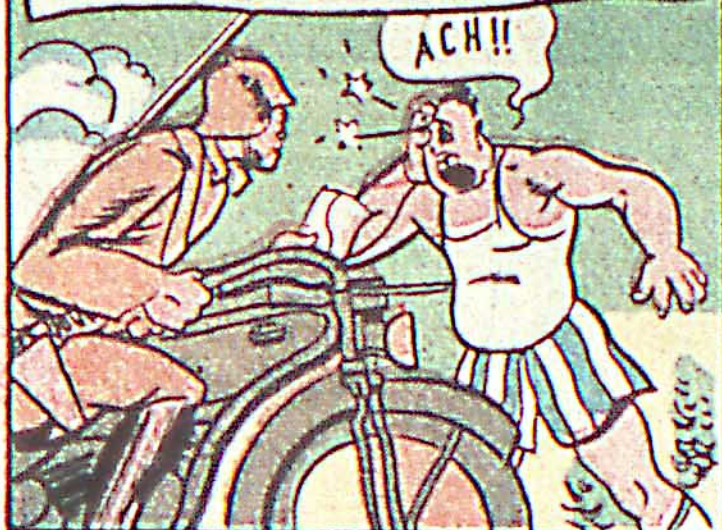
AN INSTANT  
LATER  
THE POWERFUL  
MOTOR  
ROARS  
THROUGH THE  
WOODED  
LAKE  
TOWARD THE  
HIGHWAY...  
THE BOYS  
ARE WELL  
AWARE THAT  
THEIR  
DARING PLAN  
WILL BRING  
DEATH IF  
IT FAILS..

I RIPPED OUT THE  
PHONES BEFORE WE  
TOOK OFF AND WITH ANY  
LUCK WE MAY GAIN  
TWENTY MINUTES!!

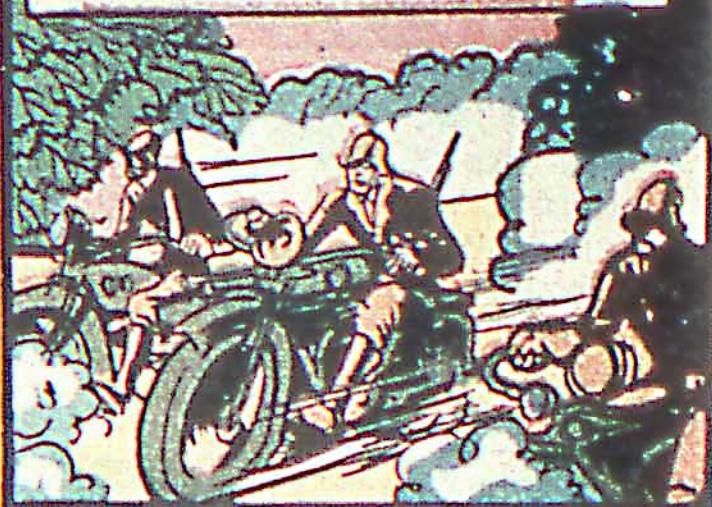
IT HAS BEEN WISELY  
WRITTEN THAT IN  
SHALLOW WATERS THE  
DRAGON BECOMES THE  
JOKE OF SHRIMPS ....



A FEW MOMENTS LATER  
A DESPATCH BEARER LEARNS  
OF THE UNUSUAL RAID BY  
ENEMY AIR MEN....



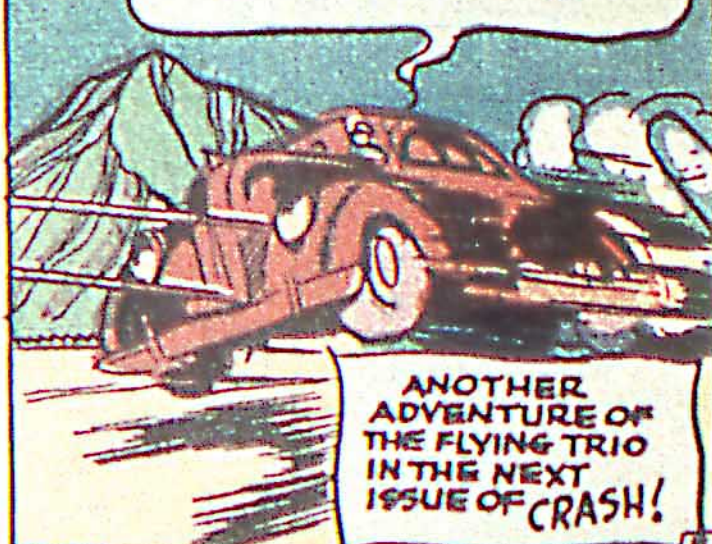
A MOTOR PATROL BRISTLING  
WITH MACHINE GUNS  
SPRINGS INTO ACTION.. THEY  
KNOW THEIR QUARRY IS NOT  
FAR AHEAD.....



THE GRIM RACE IS ON...  
KNOWING THE TERRAIN  
THE MOUNTED SQUAD IS  
GAINING, GAINING....



YOW!... MADE IT!!!  
THAT POST MEANS  
EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS  
TO THE BORDER!!



ANOTHER  
ADVENTURE OF  
THE FLYING TRIO  
IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF CRASH!



DAVID MERRYWETHER, LEFT FOR DEAD IN THE JUNGLE, WAS PICKED UP AND NURTURED BY A TIGRESS. AFTER A NUMBER OF YEARS HE WAS SENT BACK TO THE WORLD OF MEN, ENDOWED WITH THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE CAT FAMILY.

# THE CAT MAN

HE COULD CLIMB THE STEEPEST CLIFFS, SEE IN THE DARK, SCALE TREES, BUILDINGS AND IMPORTANT OF ALL HE WAS ENDOWED WITH NINE LIVES. HE WAS NOT PLEASED WITH THE WORLD OF MEN AS HE FOUND IT AND VOWED TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO THE RIGHTING OF WRONG. HE ADOPTED A SUITABLE GARB AND BECAME KNOWN AS THE CAT MAN. LAST MONTH WE SAW HIM LOSE THE FIRST OF HIS NINE LIVES. THE CAT MAN HAS ONLY EIGHT LIVES LEFT!

IN A CABIN AT THE EDGE OF A CLIFF



HERR BLONKER, A FOREIGN SPY, IS FORGING PASSPORTS.

HA! BY THE THOUSANDS. WE SMUGGLE IN OUR AGENTS WITH THESE FAKE PASSPORTS - AND THE SECRET SERVICE ARE GOING CRAZY, HA-HA! OUR TRAPS MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO GET TO OUR HIDEOUT. THEY CAN NEVER FIND US - AND LIVE!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF SECRET SERVICE

TWO THOUSAND SPIES CAME INTO THE COUNTRY LAST MONTH WITH SUCH PERFECTLY FORGED PASSPORTS, THE CUSTOM CLERKS ARE FOOLED. I KNOW THE FENCE IS IMPREGNABLE, TO BOMB IT WOULD DESTROY THE EVIDENCE. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS ESPIONAGE!



DAVID MERRYWETHER READS ABOUT THE NEWS OF SPIES



- AND LATER HE CALLS AT SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS

AND I'M SURE I CAN HANDLE IT IF YOU GIVE ME FREE REIGN CHIEF! O.K. BUT I WARN YOU, A NUMBER OF MEN HAVE DIED IN THE ATTEMPT. YOU HAVE THE LOCATION! ... GOOD LUCK TO YOU! YOU'LL NEED IT!



THEN DAVID CHANGES TO HIS CAT MAN OUTFIT.

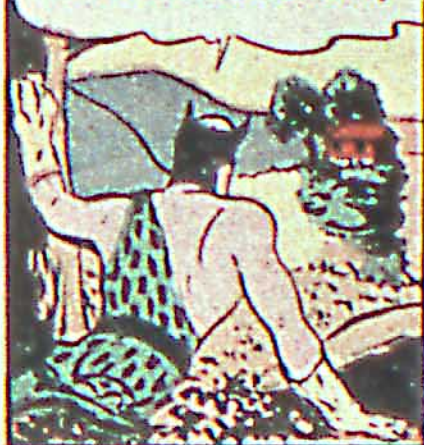
IF THE CHIEF ONLY KNEW THAT HIS NEW AGENT IS THE CAT MAN!





HALF A MILE FROM THE CABIN THE CATMAN CRAWLS ON HIS STOMACH TOWARDS HIS GOAL

I OUGHT TO BE DUE FOR SOME EXCITEMENT!



THEN SUDDENLY HE CRASHES THROUGH SOME BUSHES INTO A CAMOUFLAGED PIT

HMM, JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE FUN BEGINS!



THE PIT IS TWO HUNDRED FEET DEEP BUT THE CATMAN LANDS ON HIS FEET IN TRUE FELINE MANNER.

WOW! WHAT A DROP. IT KILLED ALL THESE OTHER POOR CHAPS THAT FELL IN HERE. NOW TO GET OUT!?



GRIPPING THE WALLS OF THE PIT WITH UNERRING FINGERS HE CLIMBS BACK TO THE SURFACE

WHAT NEXT I WONDER?!



AND TEN YARDS AWAY...!

GET THE TIGERS READY! SOME SUPER-HUMAN ESCAPED THAT PIT!

WE'RE READY FOR ANYONE - THESE TIGERS HAVEN'T EATEN FOR A WEEK!



THE CATMAN REACHES THE TIGER BARRIER!

ARE YOU GENTLEMEN WAITING FOR ME BY ANY CHANCE!

OPEN THE CAGE BOYS. LET 'EM AT HIM!



THE CAGE IS OPENED AND THE SNARLING TIGERS EMERGE AS THE GUARDS RUN OUT OF SIGHT.

LOMAI TONGUAY SOOBI ROQUIL! (I AM YOUR BROTHER)





THE HUNGRY TIGERS HALT AS THE CATMAN GREET'S THEM IN THEIR OWN TONGUE, AND LIE DOWN AT HIS FEET.

SILLY OF THEM TO THINK THAT TIGERS WOULD BOTHER ME!



AT THE TIGER TRAP.

SOMETHING INCREDIBLE HAS HAPPENED. A MAN ENTERED THE TIGER TRAP AND THE HUNGRY BRUTES ARE LYING AT HIS FEET! START THE BARRAGE!

O.K.! I'LL PULL THE LEVER. THE SILENCERS ARE PERFECT - HE WON'T HEAR THE BULLETS!



AS THE GUARD PULLS THE LEVER, AN UPWARD RAIN OF SILENT BULLETS EMERGE FROM THE GROUND.

NO ONE EVER GOT THIS FAR! THIS'LL FIX HIM!



BUT THE CATMAN'S SUPER-KEEN EARS CATCH THE SWISH OF THE BULLETS AS THEY CLEAR THE AIR -

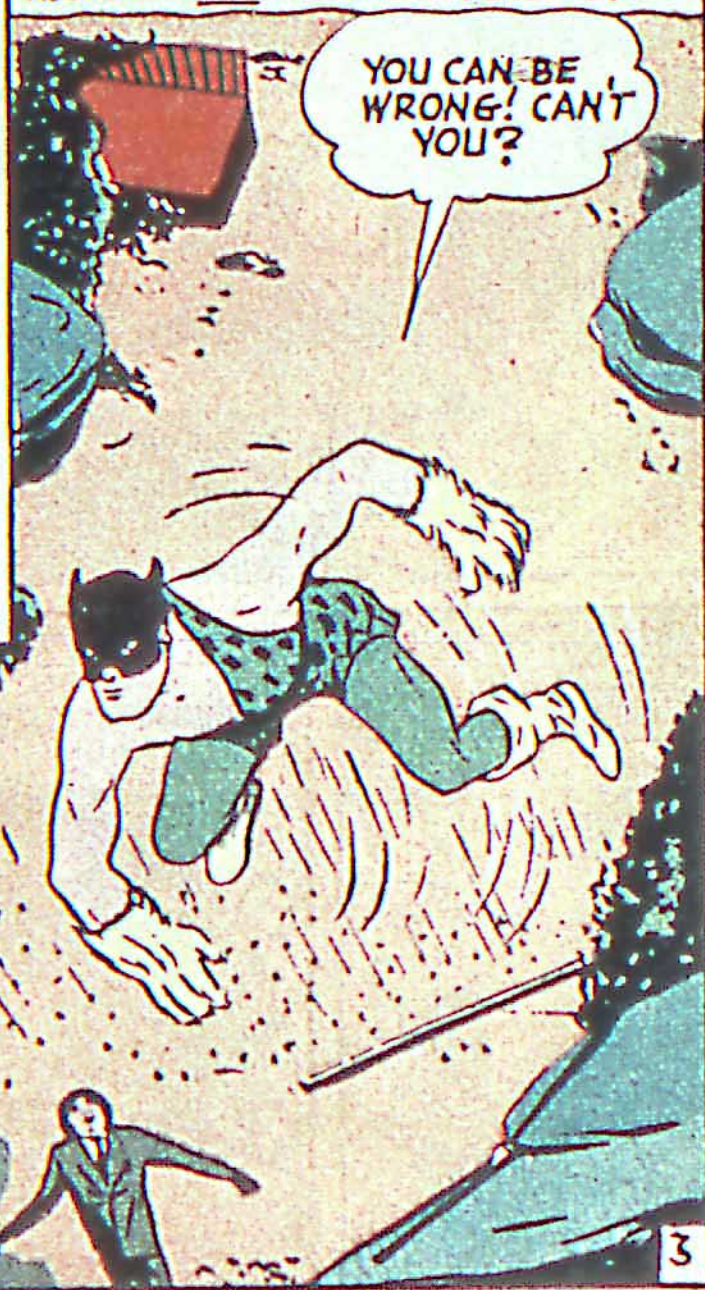
VERY CLEVER! I SUPPOSE I WAS TO WALK RIGHT INTO THAT RAIN OF DEATH!

YOU'LL EITHER WALK THROUGH IT, OR TURN BACK. IT'S DEATH EITHER WAY! SMART GUY!



-AND WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, CATMAN RISES ABOVE THE RAIN OF DEADLY PELLETS!

YOU CAN BE WRONG! CAN'T YOU?



MIGOSH! HE JUMPED THE BULLETS! WIRE THE NEXT TRAPS - THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE US!







YOU SAY HE JUMPED OVER THE BULLETS? YOU'RE CRAZY! I'LL REPORT YOU TO HERR BLONKER! YOU MUST BE DRUNK!



NO, I WILL NOT LOOK OUT FOR A MAN LIKE A CAT - IF YOU MAKE JOKE, I SEE YOU GET FIRED!

HMM! THE SPHERE IS SUPPOSED TO DROP OVER MY HEAD AND SMOTHER ME. I'LL FIX THAT!



THAT BULLET HOLE WILL VENTILATE THE THING - NOW FOR SOME FUN!

CLICK!



I SAY, BUDDY, CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE?

ACH HIMMEL! HE WASN'T FOOLING - A MAN LIKE A CAT! I DROP THE SMOTHER-SPHERE ON HIS HEAD!

?

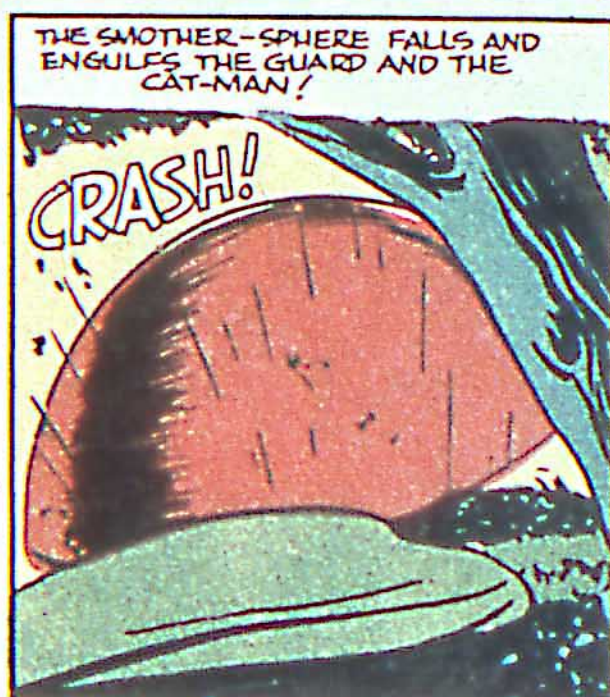


NOW, I FIX YOU!



LET ME GO! I'LL SMOTHER!

WHAT'S GOOD FOR ONE - HA! HA!



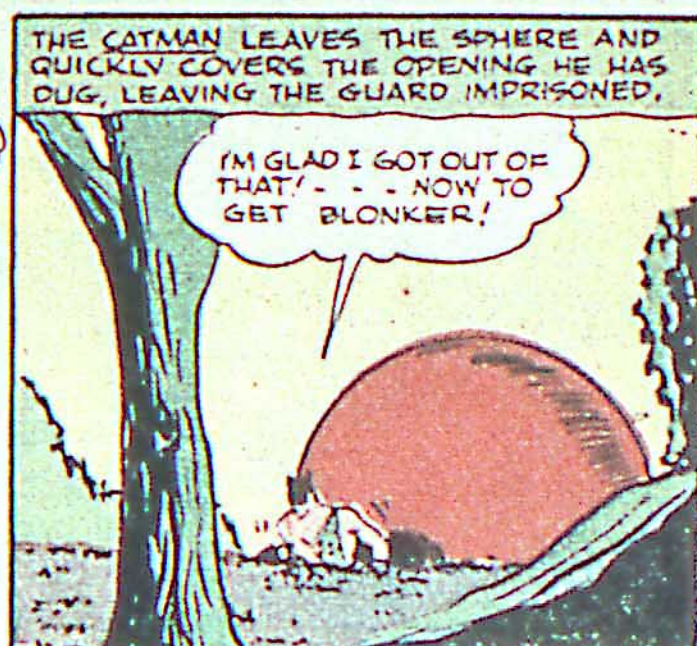
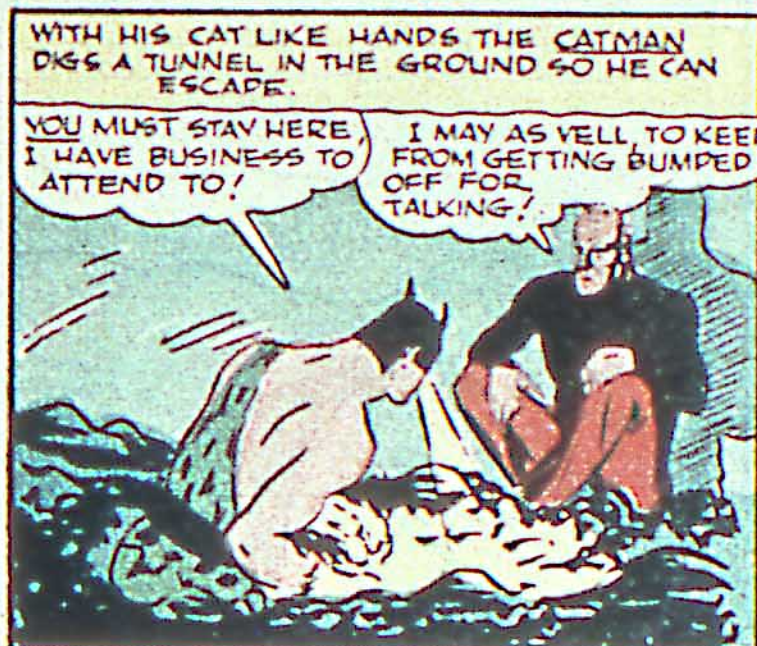
CRASH!



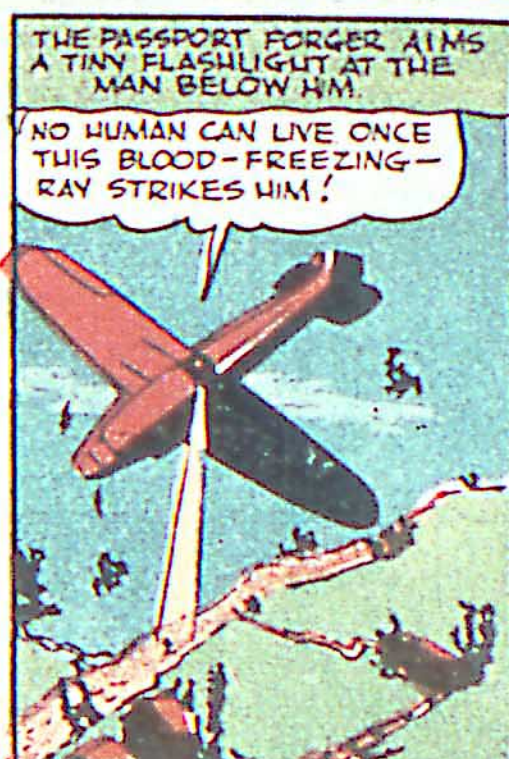
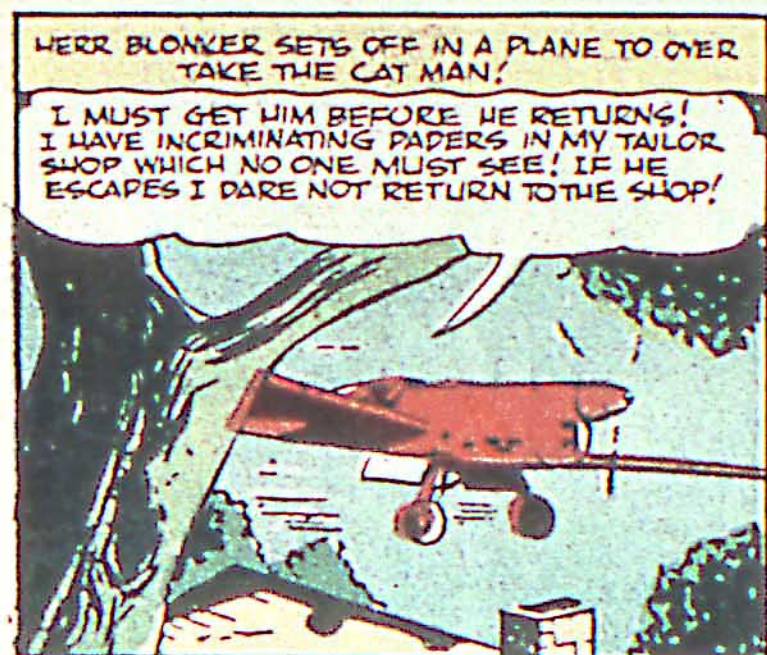
WE DIE IN AN HOUR AFTER THE AIR IS USED UP. NO AIR CAN PENETRATE IN HERE - ACH! EYES LIKE ELECTRIC LIGHT!

I CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE IF YOU TALK -















BUT DAVID WAS ALREADY CHANGED BACK TO THE CAT-MAN'S GARB AND IS READY FOR SPY N-42.

HIMMEL THE DEAD MAN LIKE A CAT!

NOT SO DEAD THIS TIME!



THE SPY WHIPS OUT A BLADE-PISTOL AND FIRES AT THE CAT-MAN, BUT THE CAT-MAN STEPS ASIDE.

NOW MR. CAT-MAN, I FIX YOU!



- AND NOW I FIX YOU!



HEARING THE COMMOTION, HERR BLONKER RUSHES IN WITH HIS DEATH RAY FLASH!

YOU - YOU - YOU ARE DEAD - MY GUN - I KILLED YOU!

NOW, NOW YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT!



TREMBLING WITH FRIGHT, HERR BLONKER DROPS THE FLASH AND THE CAT-MAN RETRIEVES IT AT ONCE.

COME ALONG WITH ME NOW, YOU FORGING FOOL YOUR BIG GAME IS UP!

I'LL COME - I'LL CONFESS! BUT DON'T LET THAT RAY TOUCH ME!



THE CAT-MAN DELIVERS BLONKER TO THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

AND HERE'S YOUR GUILTY MAN, CHIEF - THE COUNTRY WON'T BE TROUBLED WITH THIS EGG ANYMORE!

ACH, HIMMEL!

THE NATION IS GREATFUL TO YOU, I CAN ASSURE YOU!



AND SO THE CAT-MAN RIGHTS ANOTHER WRONG AND LOSES ANOTHER LIFE. HE HAS ONLY 7 LIVES LEFT. WILL HE LOSE ANOTHER LIFE IN THE THRILLING ADVENTURE THAT AWAITS HIM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRASH COMICS? GET YOUR COPY EARLY AND FIND OUT!

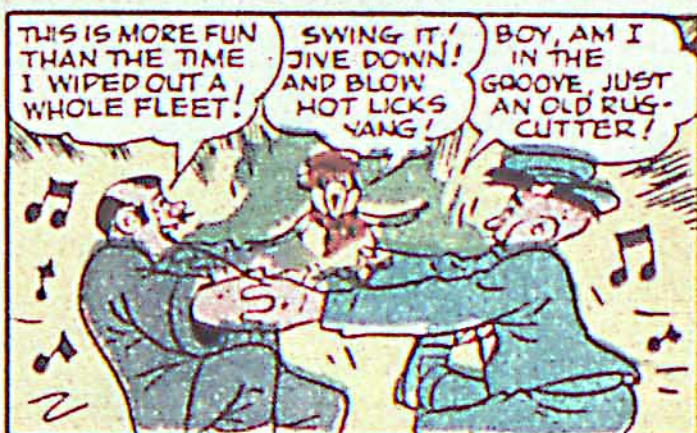


# ALEC

AND THE REIGN OF YANG

BY  
RICKS!

IN THE PRECEDING INSTALLMENT, ALEC AND HIS PARROT WERE DOOMED BY YANG, THE SLIGHTLY-MAD RULER. IT WAS ONLY BY THE PARROT'S QUICK THINKING THAT THEIR LIVES WERE SAVED WHEN HE CONCOCTED A BLACK DANDRUFF THAT WOULDN'T SHOW ON A BLUE SERGE SUIT.







ALEC, VANG AND TOOTSIE, THE PARROT, REALLY FIND THEMSELVES IN SOME TROUBLE WITH A HOSTILE TRIBE OF ACKY WACKIES! SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRASH FOR FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS!



# BUCK BURKE

HE GETS 'EM ALIVE!

zzz

BUCK AND HIS HUNTERS ARE BREAKING CAMP FOR A TREK INTO THE MOUNTAINS SEEKING A RARE ANTELOPE... JO JO, THE INTERPRETER IS RELAXING, RESTING FOR THE LONG MARCH AHEAD....



PULL YOUR-SELF TOGETHER, JO JO... I'LL SEE THAT SINBAD TREATS YOU WITH MORE RESPECT...

FOUR HOURS' MARCH BRINGS THE PARTY FROM THE STEAMING JUNGLE HIGH INTO THE PLATEAUS AND FOOT HILLS...





DAYS  
PASS  
AS BUCK  
STALKS  
THE  
SWIFT  
AND WARY  
ANTELOPES.  
ACCUSTOMED  
TO THE  
JUNGLE,  
THE BLACKS  
KNOW OF  
NO WAY  
TO TRAP  
THEM...



THERE ARE  
HIS TRACKS IN  
THE SOFT MUD  
BUT THEY ARE  
DAYS OLD

NOW  
YOU  
SEE  
EM,  
NOW  
YOU  
DON'T!



THE ELUSIVE GAZELLES  
EASILY HURDLE NETS SPREAD  
FOR THEM AND ESCAPE



ANOTHER DAY GONE  
AND STILL NO LUCK  
.... CAN YOU THINK OF  
ANYTHING WE HAVEN'T  
TRIED, JO JO?



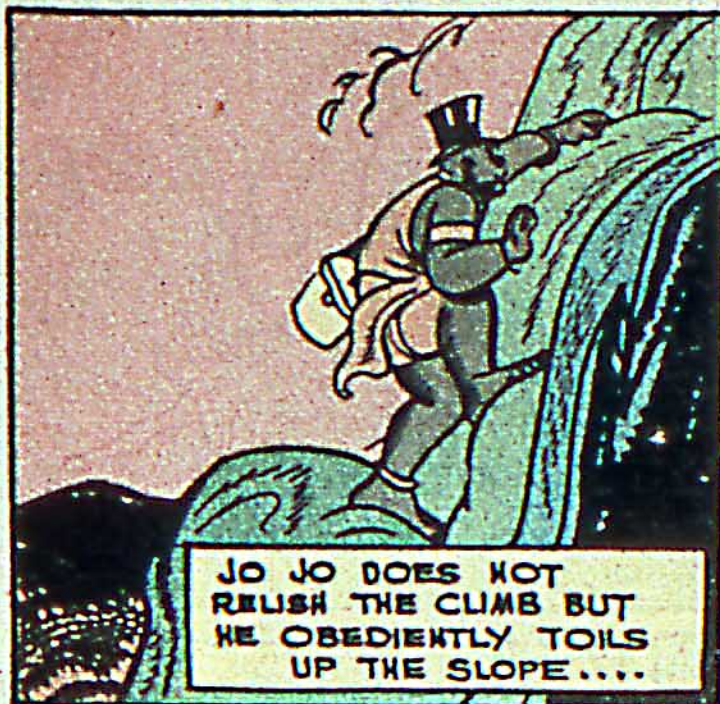
LIONS AND RHINOS WERE A CINCH  
COMPARED TO THESE  
SPEEDERS... THE MAIN TROUBLE  
SEEMS TO BE THEY'RE SO MUCH  
SMARTER THAN WE ARE.....



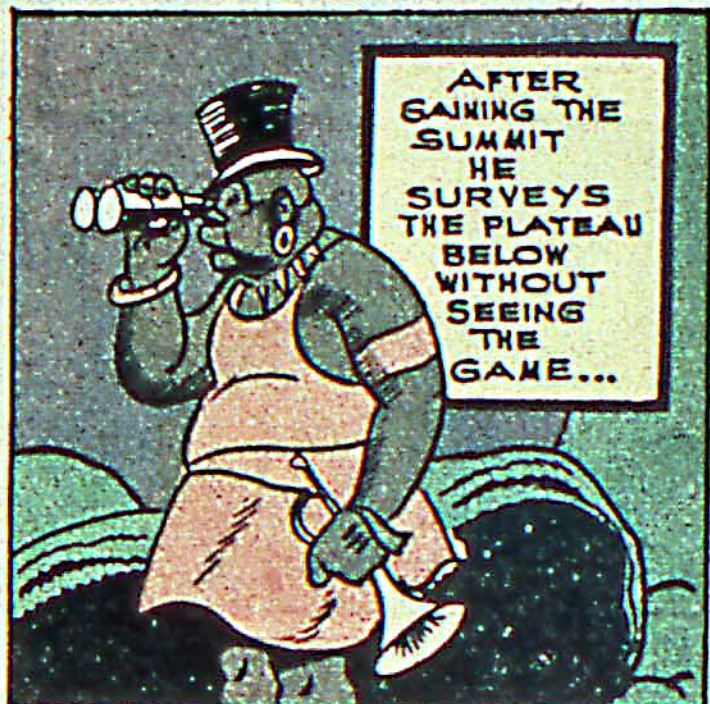


I HAVE A PLAN  
TO SPOT THEM  
... IT MIGHT  
WORK.....

TAKE THESE FIELD GLASSES  
AND CLIMB THAT CLIFF,  
JO JO... IF YOU SIGHT THE  
HERD BLOW THE BUGLE  
AND POINT....



JO JO DOES NOT  
RELISH THE CLIMB BUT  
HE OBEDIENTLY TOILS  
UP THE SLOPE....



AFTER  
GAINING THE  
SUMMIT  
HE  
SURVEYS  
THE PLATEAU  
BELOW  
WITHOUT  
SEEING  
THE  
GAME...



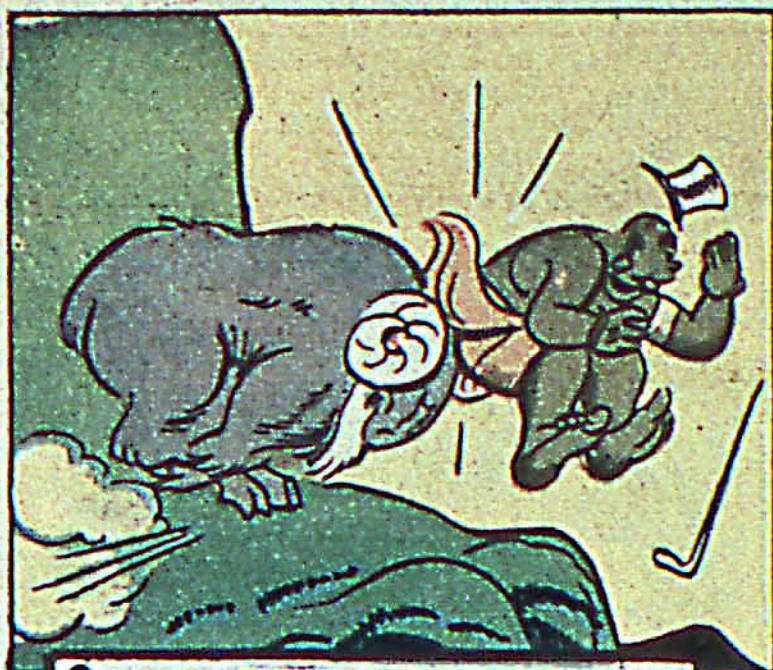
THEN EXHAUSTED BY  
THE CLIMB JO JO PERMITS  
HIMSELF TO RELAX.....

222

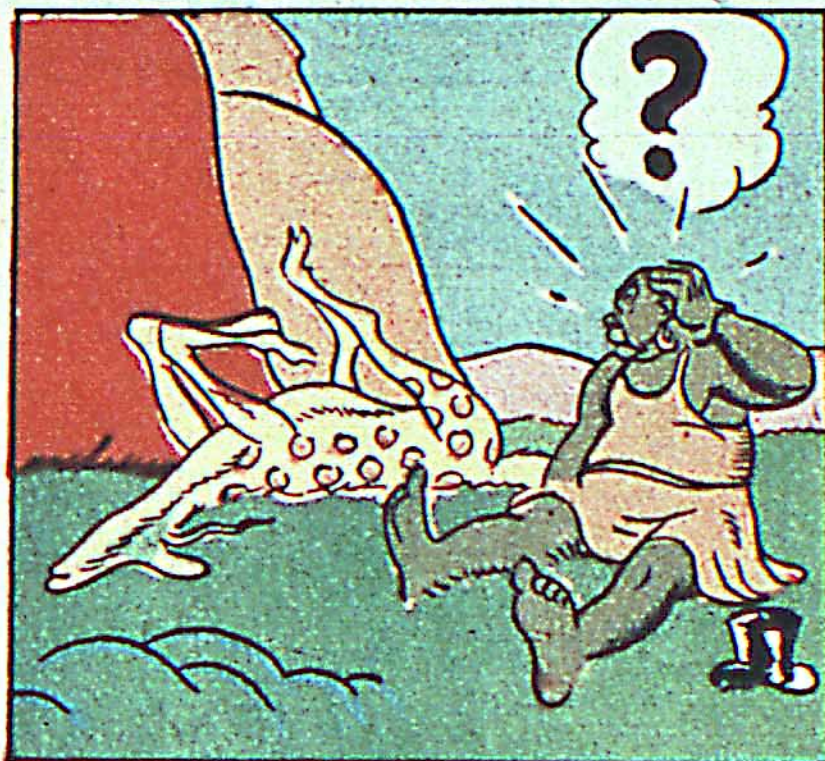
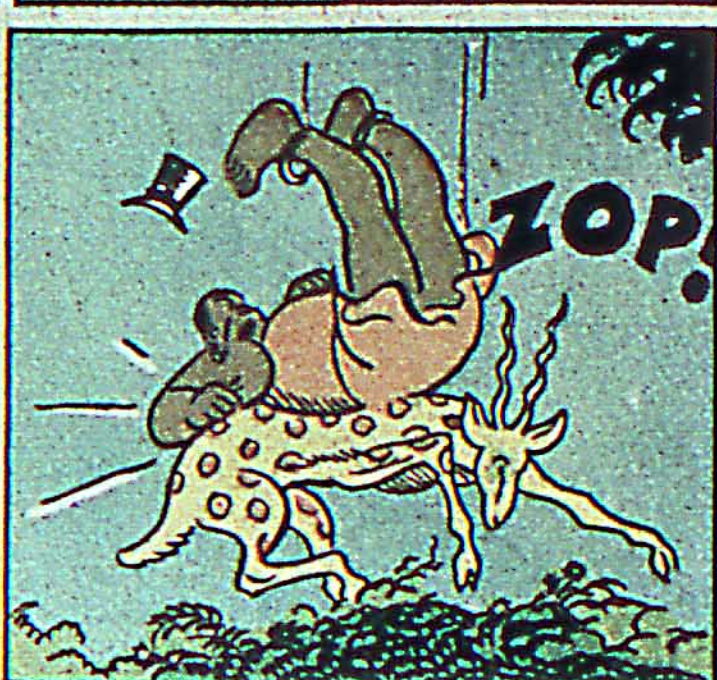
AS HE RISES HE FAILS  
TO NOTICE HE IS DIRECTLY  
IN THE PATH OF A  
HUGE MOUNTAIN GOAT...



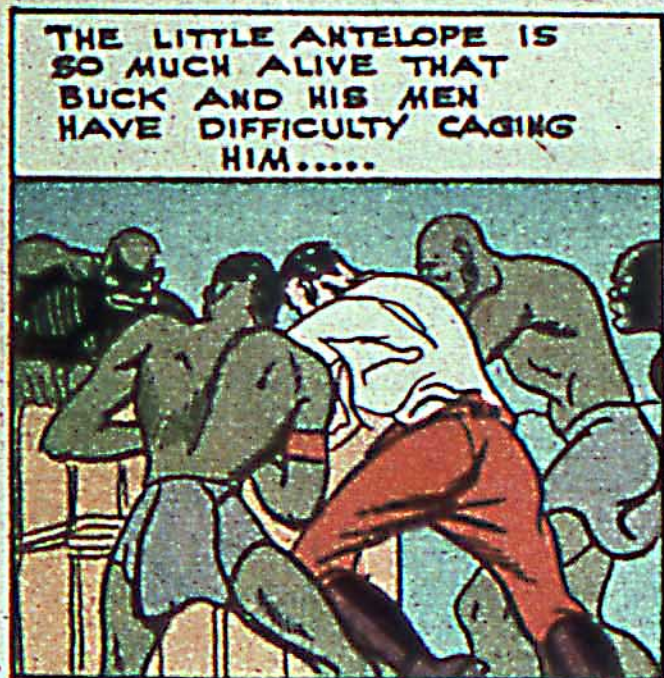
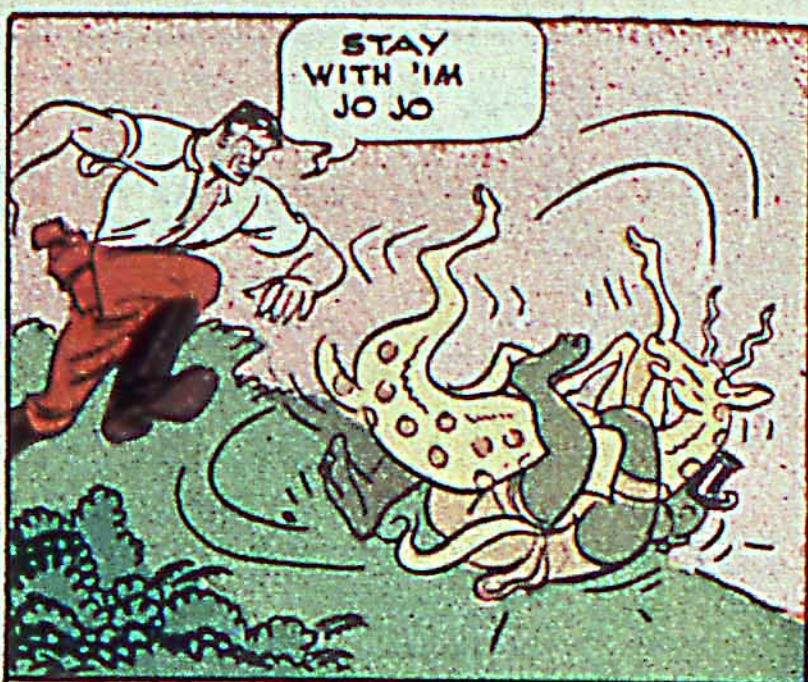




ONE OF THE WARY GAZELLES  
IS GRAZING BENEATH THE  
CLIFF.... THE CREATURE  
SUDDENLY SENSES DANGER  
..... BUT TOO LATE.....







ANOTHER  
ADVENTURE  
OF BUCK  
BURKE IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE!



# THE BLUE STREAK

THE DEFENDER OF THE PEOPLE

THE BLUE STREAK MOVES TO FREE MEN OF IMPORTANCE; AND TO SAVE THEM FROM DEATH SENTENCES PASSED BY CRUEL DICTATORS AND DESPOTS. SINCE THEIR AIM IS TO DESTROY MEN OF ABILITY AND BRILLIANCE THE BLUE STREAK HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO THWART EVERY ONE OF THEIR ATTEMPTS.

SPECIAL BULLETIN: THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING SYSTEM BY SHORT-WAVE LEARNED TO-DAY THAT ADMIRAL SWAN, THE INTREPID EXPLORER, HAS NOT COMMUNICATED WITH HIS BASE DURING THE LAST FORTY-EIGHT HOURS! AND NOW WE CONTINUE WITH OUR MUSICAL PROGRAM!

I SMELL TROUBLE TAGO, CALL THE AIRPORT. TELL THEM TO HAVE MY PLANE PREPARED FOR A LONG FLIGHT AT ONCE AND INSTRUCT THEM TO ATTACH SKIS TO THE LANDING GEAR!

IN HIS DISTINCTIVE UNIFORM THE BLUE STREAK ARRIVES AT THE AIRPORT

ADMIRAL SWAN IS TOO VALUABLE A MAN TO HIS COUNTRY! I MUST DO MY UTMOST TO RESCUE HIM!

TWO DAYS LATER THE CRAFT OF THE BLUE STREAK REACHES ITS DESTINATION IN THE ANTARCTIC

HE PROCEEDS AT ONCE TO CAMP #2 OF ADMIRAL SWAN!

I HAVE COME TO OFFER MY ASSISTANCE GENTLEMEN!

IT IS USELESS! ADMIRAL SWAN SET OUT A MONTH AGO TO ESTABLISH CAMP ONE AND DURING THE LAST TWO DAYS HE HAS NOT BEEN IN TOUCH WITH US!

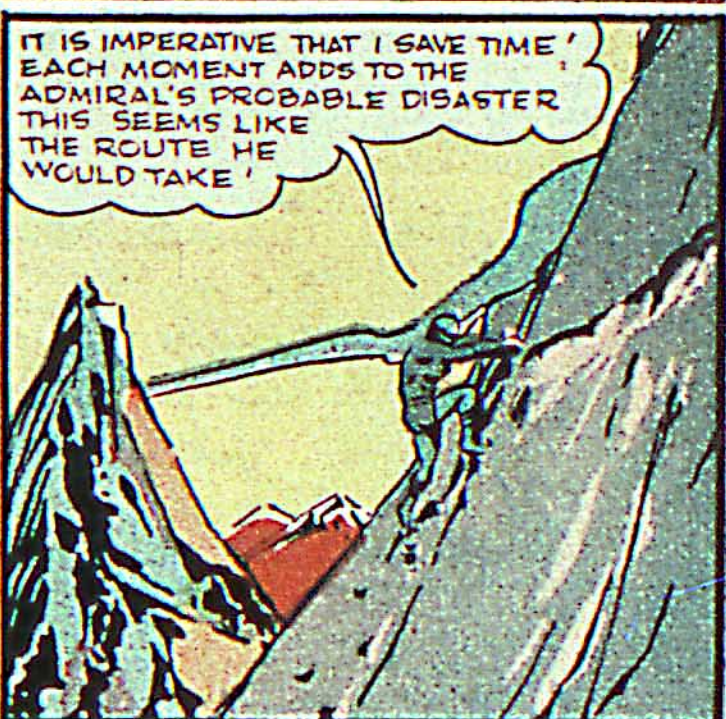
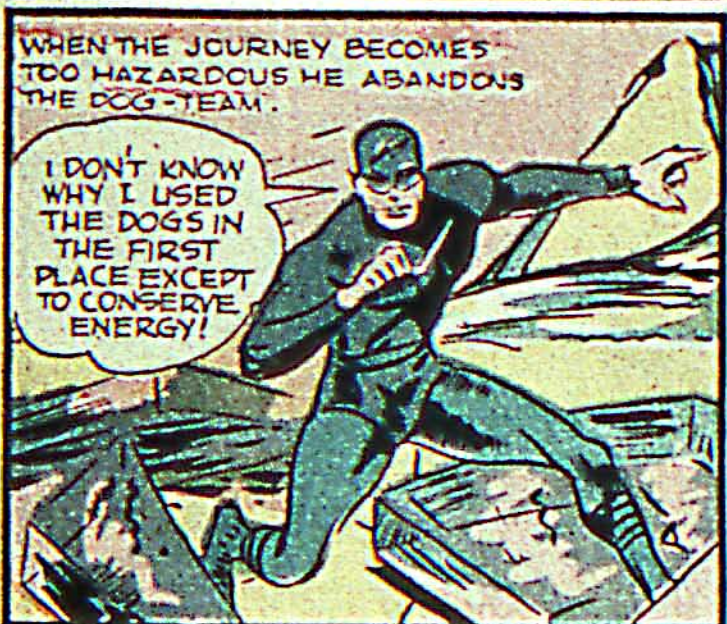
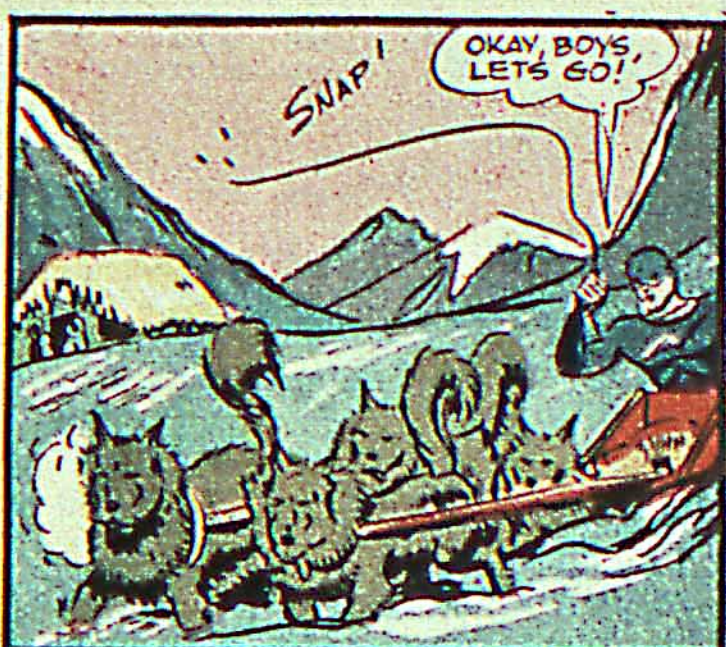
THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING! THE ADMIRAL IS DEAD!

NEVERTHELESS, I SHALL ATTEMPT TO RESCUE HIM!

IF YOU CAN FIND HIM! THE JOURNEY TOWARD THE POLE IS PERILOUS!

I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE! HERE IS A MAP THAT MAY HELP YOU!







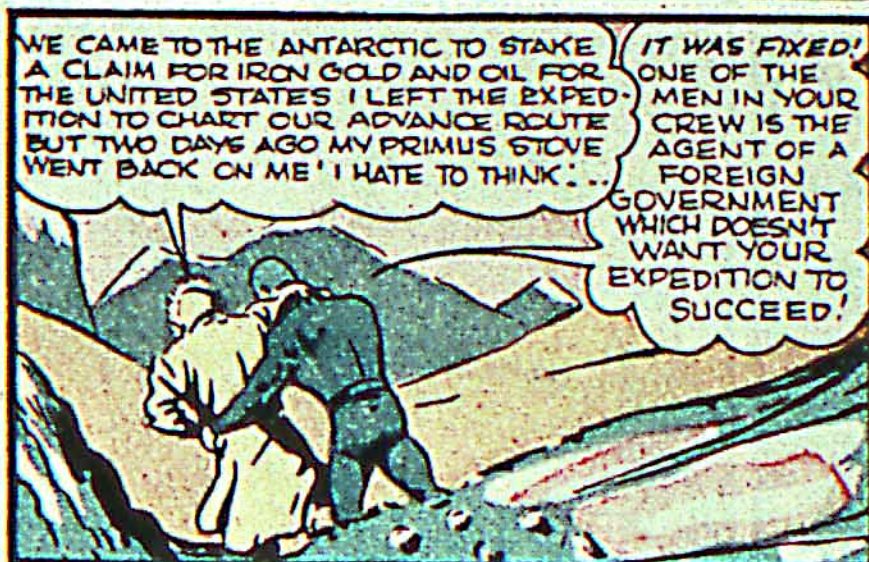


ADMIRAL SWAN! I'VE FOUND YOU THANK GOODNESS! THAT ODOR? IT'S CARBON MONOXIDE! THAT COULD KILL YOU IN SHORT ORDER!



IM... I'M FEELING BETTER NOW. WHO ARE YOU? THAT STOVE MUST HAVE JUST STARTED GIVING OFF THOSE FLAMES AS I WAS GETTING QUITE SLEEPY!

TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED WHILE I RETURN YOU TO A SAFE PLACE IT MATTERS NOT WHO I AM, YOU ARE SAFE! THAT IS THE IMPORTANT THING!



WE CAME TO THE ANTARCTIC TO STAKE A CLAIM FOR IRON GOLD AND OIL FOR THE UNITED STATES I LEFT THE EXPEDITION TO CHART OUR ADVANCE ROUTE BUT TWO DAYS AGO MY PRIMUS STOVE WENT BACK ON ME! I HATE TO THINK...

IT WAS FIXED! ONE OF THE MEN IN YOUR CREW IS THE AGENT OF A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT WHICH DOESN'T WANT YOUR EXPEDITION TO SUCCEED!



HERE WE ARE BACK AGAIN!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE SURPRISE ON THE FACES OF THE MEN!



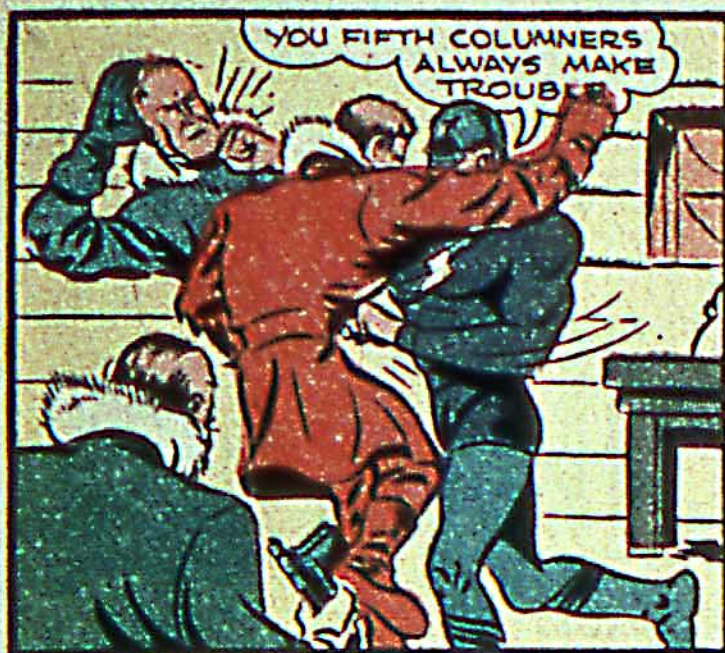
WELCOME HOME ADMIRAL! WE ANTICIPATED YOUR RETURN THANKS TO THAT STRANGE LOOKING GENTLEMAN!



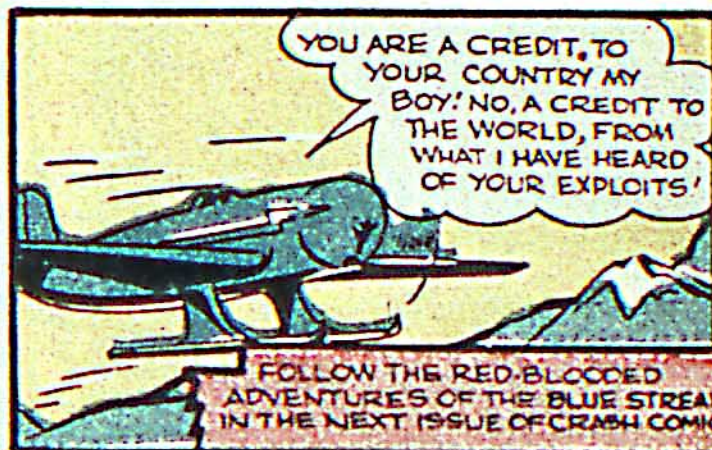
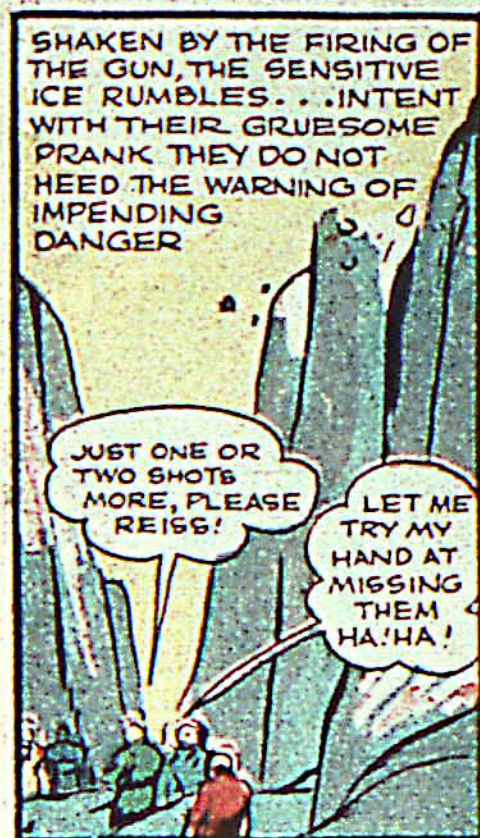
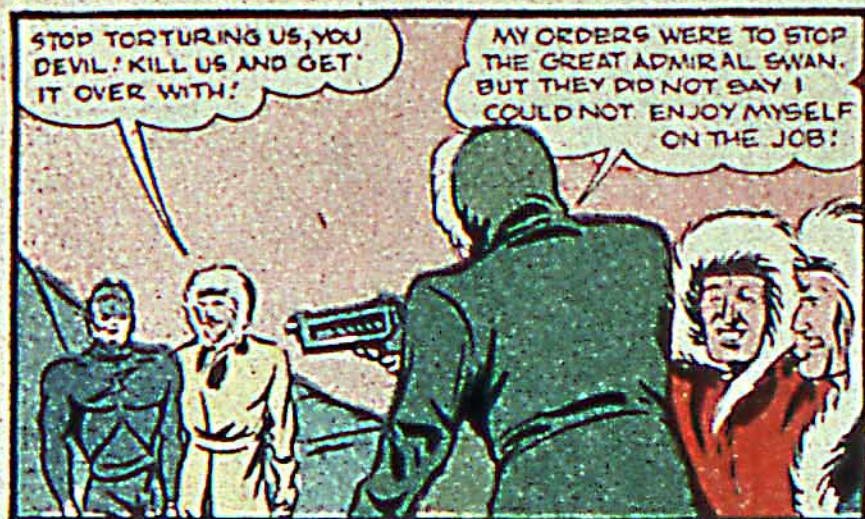
LOOKS ARE DECEIVING!

SOCK!







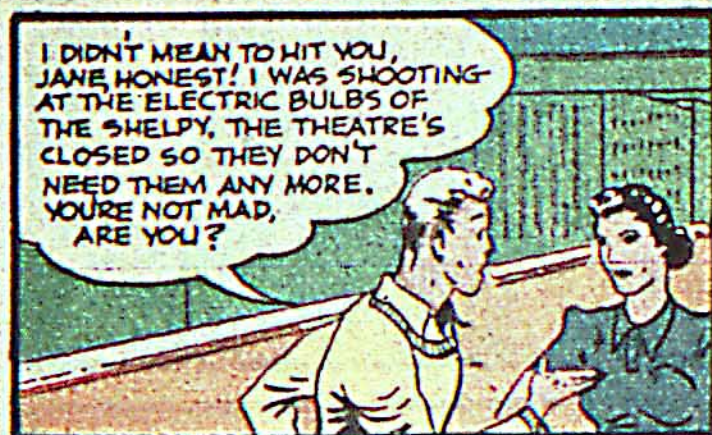




# JANE DRAKE

## DETECTIVE

BECAUSE OF HER INNUMERABLE ESCAPES IN WHICH SHE FORTUNATELY HAS AVOIDED HARM, JANE DRAKE HAS BEEN WARNED BY HER FATHER TO DISCONTINUE HER CAREER AS A SELF-APPOINTED DETECTIVE, BUT, SHE REMAINS EVER-READY TO THE CALL OF ADVENTURE.











MAYBE THEY'RE OFFERING A REWARD FOR HIM!

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING BUT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

A SMART KID, HUH? MAYBE WE GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS TO TALK OVER!



THE ENRAGED THUG HITS JERRY AND KNOCKS HIM BACK AGAINST A LIGHT SWITCH



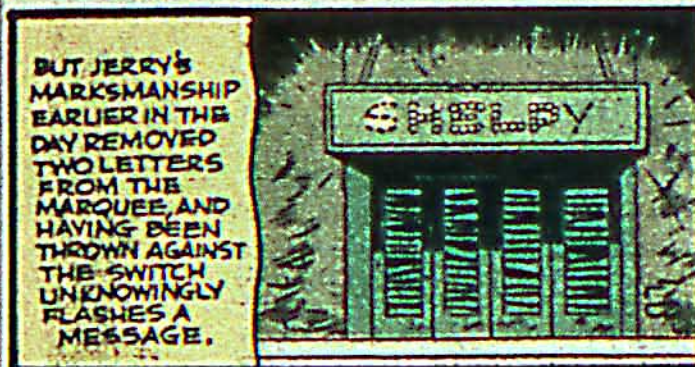
HEY! WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOING?

GET OUT OF OUR WAY!



COME ON KIDDIES, WE'RE GONNA HAVE AN NICE HEART TO HEART TALK!

SOME TIMES I WONDER WHY I EVER LISTEN TO YOU JANE!



BUT JERRY'S MARKSMANSHIP EARLIER IN THE DAY REMOVED TWO LETTERS FROM THE MARQUEE, AND HAVING BEEN THROWN AGAINST THE SWITCH UNKNOWINGLY FLASHES A MESSAGE.



HELLO! CHIEF? THIS IS MR. DRAKE. I'M SPEAKING FROM A BOOTH NEAR THE SHELPHY THEATRE. SOMETHING'S QUEER THERE. THE SIGN READS "HELP!"

I KNOW. I'VE GOTTEN SEVERAL CALLS ABOUT IT. I WAS JUST LEAVING WITH SOME MEN!



HEY JIMMY! HERE'S A COUPLE OF SNOODERS I COUGHT BACK STAGE!

WE'LL TAKE THE BRATS ALONG AS HOSTAGES!

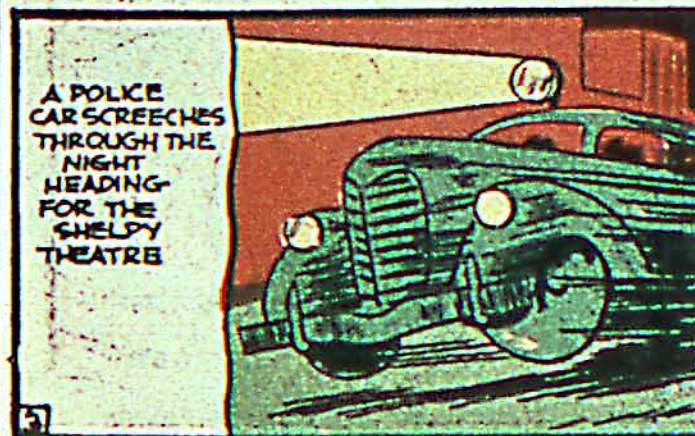
THAT AIN'T SO GOOD. WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!

LET GO OF ME, THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY!



JANE AND JERRY ARE PUSHED OUT OF THE ROOM BY THE THUGS WHO ARE ABANDONING THEIR HIDEOUT

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT OR I'LL PASTE IT FOR YOU!



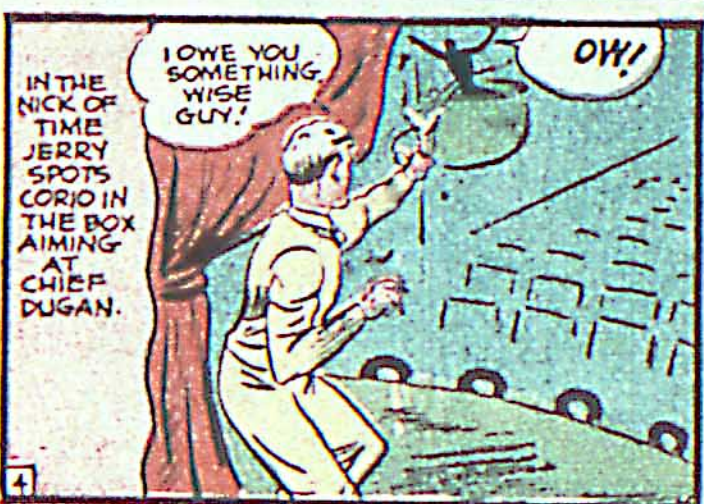
A POLICE CAR SCREECHES THROUGH THE NIGHT HEADING FOR THE SHELPHY THEATRE



THE GANG HEARING THE SIREN PLAN TO MAKE A DESPERATE BREAK FOR IT.

KEEP THOSE KIDS IN FRONT OF US. WE'LL GRAB A CAR AND BEAT IT!







# BOB PRESTON

## EXPLORER



THE N.Y. MUSEUM OF CULTURAL HISTORY HAS COMMISSIONED YOUNG BOB PRESTON TO TRY TO LOCATE THE LONG SOUGHT TOMB OF TUT SHAH-HI 'AMEN. ACCOMPANIED BY PROF. DALE OF THE GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WHO IS TO PHOTOGRAPH THE EXPEDITION, BOB SAILS OVER THE WATERS OF THE ARABIAN SEA.

WELL PROFESSOR, HERE WE ARE AT RAS EL HADD. WE'LL HIRE A CREW OF NATIVES AND A STRING OF CAMELS, AND THEN—

AND THEN THE DAWNA, OR AS THEY CALL IT HERE, THE RUB'AL KHALI DESERT!

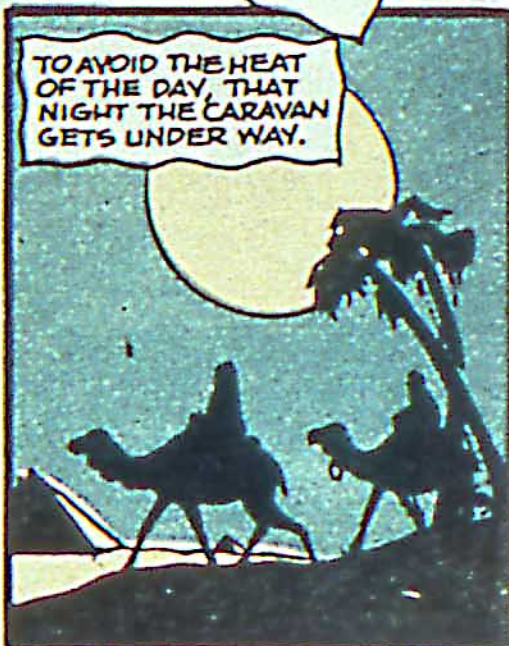


OKAY AMMAN. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M HERE FOR. I'LL LET YOU TAKE CARE OF THE DETAILS. YOU'RE THE LEADER, I WANT TWELVE MEN AND FIFTEEN CAMELS!



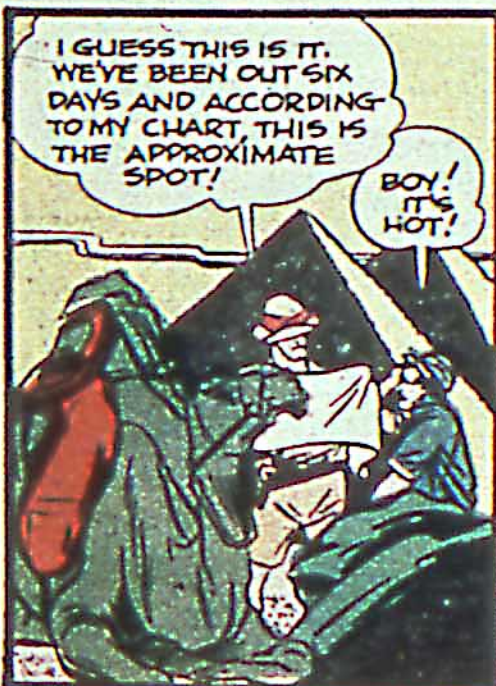
LATER BOB TALKS WITH THE NATIVE CHIEF.

TO AVOID THE HEAT OF THE DAY, THAT NIGHT THE CARAVAN GETS UNDER WAY.

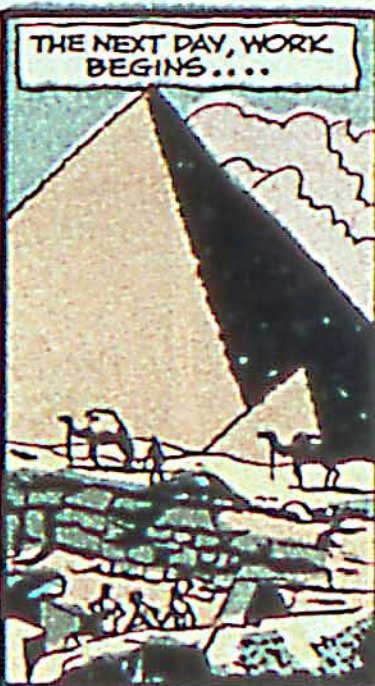


I GUESS THIS IS IT. WE'VE BEEN OUT SIX DAYS AND ACCORDING TO MY CHART, THIS IS THE APPROXIMATE SPOT!

BOY! IT'S HOT!



THE NEXT DAY, WORK BEGINS....



ON THE THIRD DAY...

MASTER! COME QUICK, WE HAVE REACHED A TOMB!





BOB AND PROFESSOR DALE DESCEND INTO THE EXCAVATION.

WE'LL KNOW IN A FEW MINUTES WHETHER ALL THIS WORK WAS IN VAIN!

THESE HIEROGLYPHICS SAY THIS IS THE TOMB OF... WAIT A MINUTE!

THIS IS IT! WE'RE RIGHT. IT'S THE TOMB OF OLD TUT SHA-HI'AMEN HIMSELF!

OH! THIS IS A BEAUT! I'LL CABLE THE MUSEUM AS SOON AS WE GET BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

IT'S GETTING TOO DARK FOR ME TO TAKE PICTURES. I'LL DO THEM TOMORROW!

BUT BOB'S HAPPINESS IS DUE TO BE SHORT LIVED:

THERE MUST BE TREASURE BURIED WITHIN THE COFFIN OF THE PHARAOH. LET HIM GET IT OUT, THEN IT SHALL BE EASY FOR US!

THIS IS TOUGH WORK, BUT IT'S GIVING OVER HERE!

I'M GETTING THROUGH THIS, TOO!

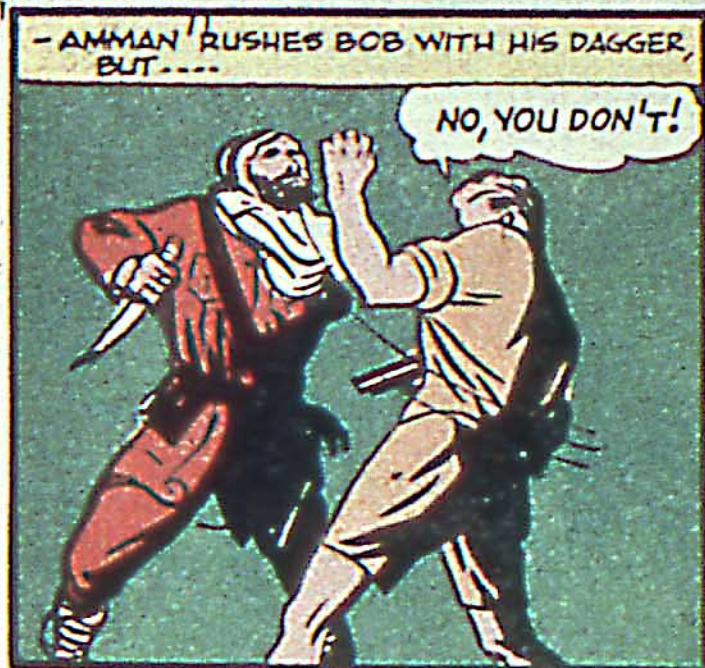






- AMMAN RUSHES BOB WITH HIS DAGGER, BUT ----

NO, YOU DON'T!



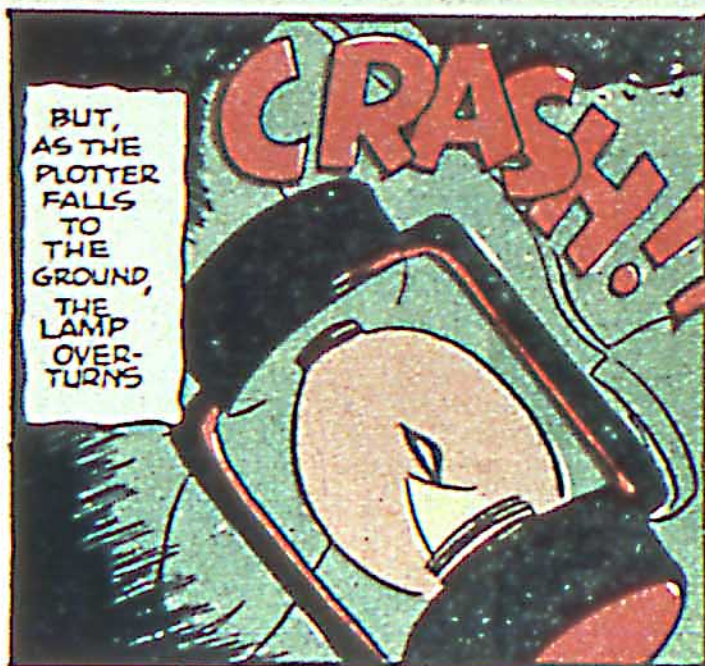
DON'T THINK I'M OVERLOOKING YOU!

**SOCK!**



BUT, AS THE PLOTTER FALLS TO THE GROUND, THE LAMP OVERTURNS

**CRASH!!**



... SETTING FIRE TO THE TENT



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET OFF AS EASILY AS THAT!



WELL BOB, WE'RE ALL READY TO START BACK!

WE'LL TURN AMMAN AND HIS FRIEND OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES- I'LL DEPOSIT THE POUCH AND RETURN LATER FOR THE SARCOPHAGUS!



ACCOMPANY EXPLORER BOB PRESTON IN ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE! LOOK FOR HIM IN **CRASH COMICS!**



# SOLAR LEGION

SCIENTISTS FREELY ADMIT THAT A CENTURY HENCE, THE BARRIERS ENCIRCLING THE PLANETS SHALL DISAPPEAR AND THE STRANGE FORCES BINDING MAN TO EARTH SHALL FALL BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF HIS INVENTION. OUT OF THIS COSMIC CHAOS, ADAM STARR HAS RISEN, PLEDGED TO UNITE THE PLANETS... IN PEACE... IN HIS SPACE CRAFT HE CHARGES TOWARD JUPITER...

AND HE LANDS WITHIN A FEW SPACE-HOURS



THE PEOPLE OF JUPITER LOOK HAPPY. IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO FORM A POST OF SOLAR LEGION HERE



CAN YOU TELL ME HOW I CAN REACH THE COURT OF FALKEN, THE POTENTATE OF JUPITER?

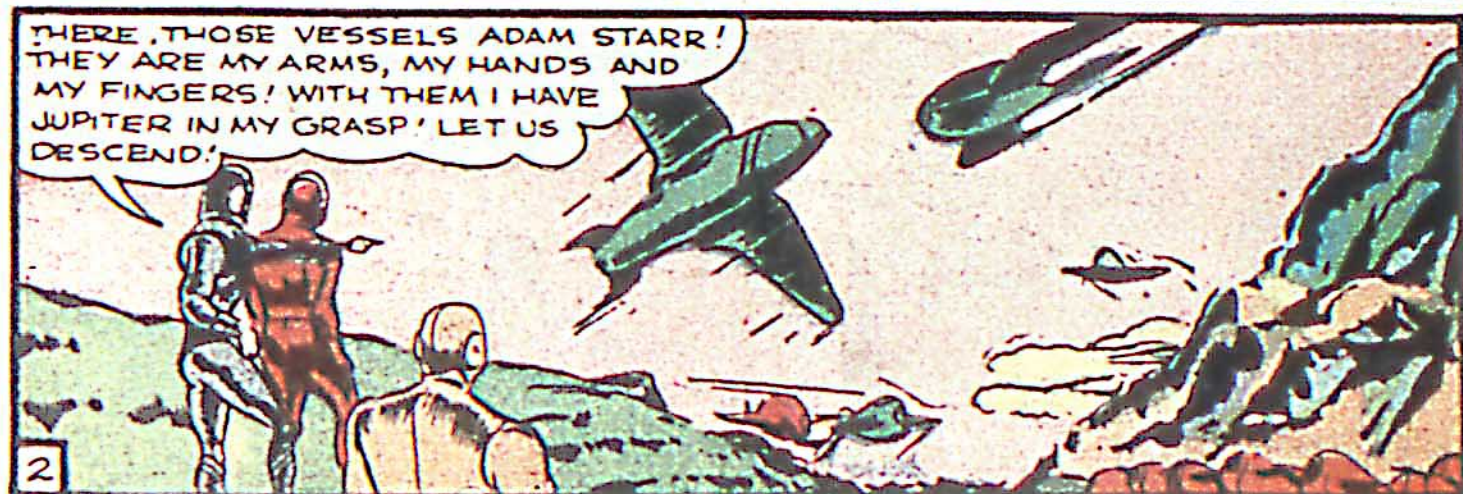
TO BE SURE STRANGER, I SHALL GUIDE YOU THERE, FOR THAT IS MY DESTINATION ALSO.



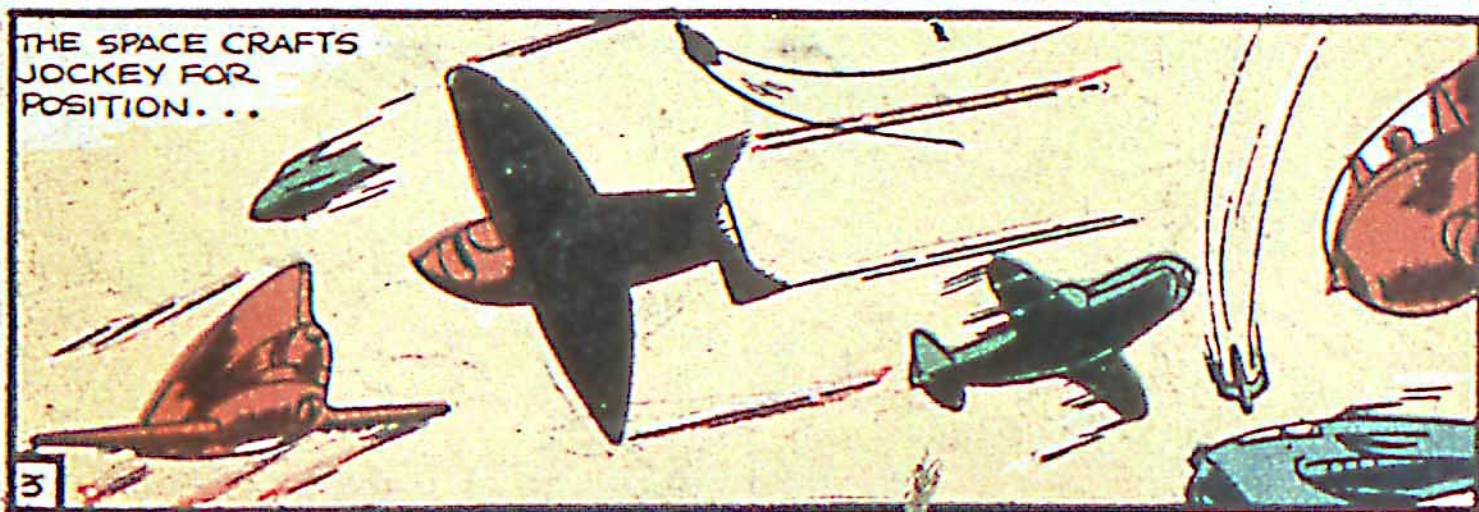
THE POPULACE OF JUPITER SEEMS PLEASED! DO NOT LET APPEARANCES FOOL YOU THEY ARE MISERABLE FOR THEY ARE BURDENED WITH TAXES BY FALKEN, THE DESPOT.



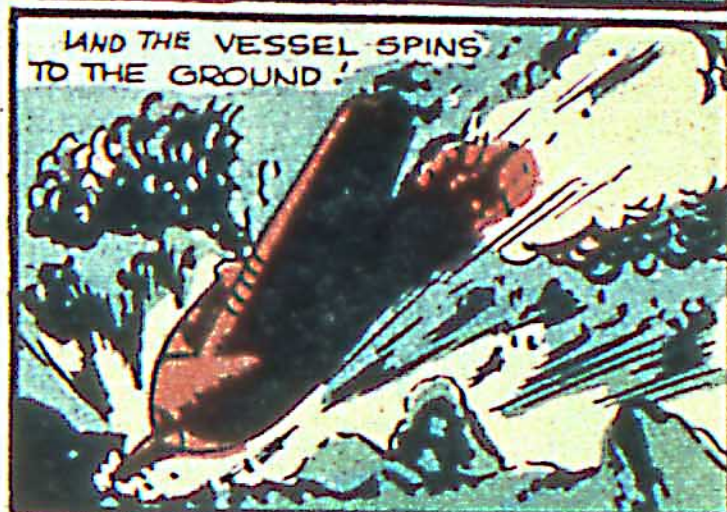




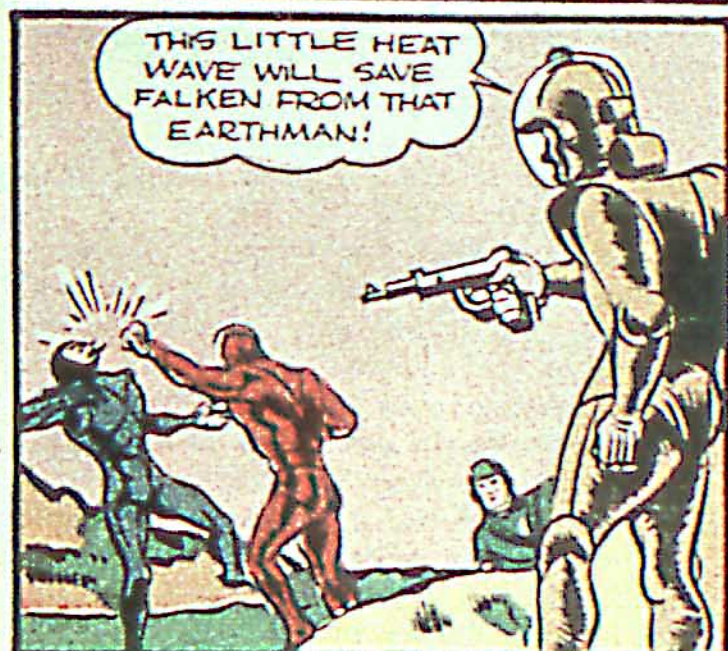
















THEY once said that Jeff Farno was a screwball. They said he was no good, the hard-working folks down there on the docks. "Jeff never did nothin'," they used to say, "'cept hang around the wharves all day, talking to sailors fresh in from foreign ports. He's a lazy good-for-nothin' who'll never have any spunk, or do a good day's work in his life!"

And they were right, mostly. Young Jeff would just grin at their jibes, and say: "When my time comes, I'll do my share of sweatin'. I just got some unusual ideas about work, and ain't no use telling you 'bout it, cause you'd only laugh at me!"

Then this thing happened about the river pirates . . .

There was a gang of them. The slickest and meanest bunch of wharf rats that ever hoisted a bale from a warehouse. Police couldn't seem to come near catching them. Crime after crime they committed. Several warehouse watchmen were killed. Finally, in desperation, one of the wharf owners put up signs all over the waterfront, offering a reward of \$500 for the capture, dead or alive, of the river pirates.

Jeff Farno used to sit in front of one of those posters for hours, just staring at it and dreaming. Folks would twit him: "What you gonna do with that money when you get it, Jeff?"

And Jeff would give them the same answer a hundred times a day. "You'll see," he'd say. "You'll see!"

That was during the day. At night Jeff was busy. He took turns spending the night at warehouses that hadn't been robbed yet by the

pirates. Watching and waiting. A week went by, and one night Jeff's patience was rewarded. From his hiding place behind a bulkhead, he saw a trim speedboat without running lights glide up to the wharf.

He watched dim figures dart into the warehouse and out again carrying great bundles of goods. When they were all through, and started off, Jeff followed. He raced along the docks, leaping across great stretches of water, always keeping the dim shadow of the pirate's boat out on the water, in view.

You see, Jeff had it all figured, that those pirates had their hideout somewhere close at hand, where no one would ever think of looking for them. He was right.

A half mile down from the warehouse they'd robbed, Jeff saw the pirate's boat cut shoreward. He heard the motors cut off. He watched the slim silhouette of the speedboat disappear into the blackness of an old abandoned sewer main.

Jeff arrived at the exit of the sewer, puffing from his long sprint. "I should've known," he gasped, "that rats *would* hide out in a sewer!"

He fumbled in his pocket, and pulled forth a red cardboard tube, with a piece of string sticking from one end. It was a homemade dynamite stick that Jeff had made. A Chinese sailor had once showed him how.

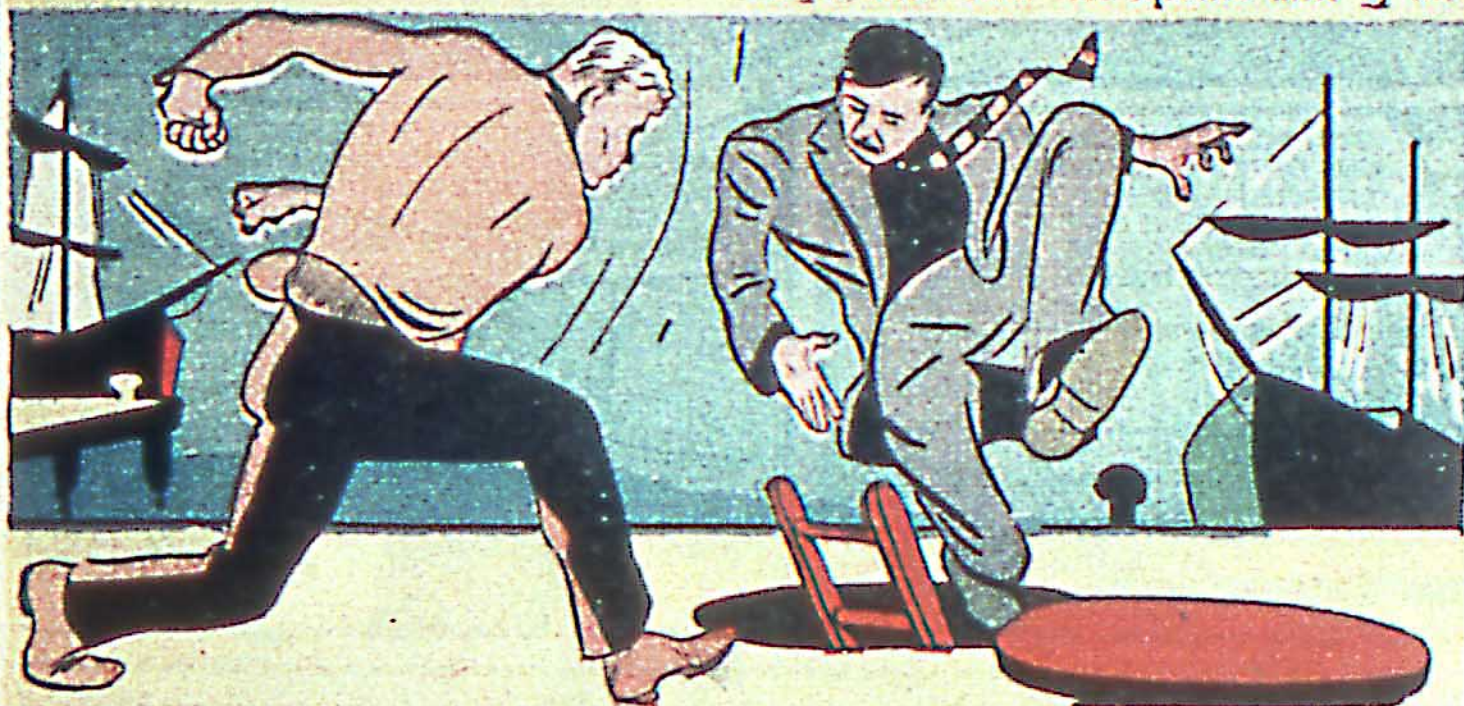
He scratched a match on the seat of his trousers and applied the flame to the string-end, and hastily tossed it into the mouth of the abandoned sewer. Then his long legs scissored into action and he ran like a jackrabbit.



But he didn't run quite far enough. The fuse was short on that homemade dynamite stick. It went off with a great, racketing blast that was heard up and down the river for ten miles. The very ground from under Jeff's feet flew up and he went somersaulting through the air.

Jeff picked himself up, half-dazed, from the junk heap in which he had landed, and rubbing the dust from his eyes, started running again.

"That was a lulu!" he told himself as he ran. "It sure enough sealed up the mouth of that sewer!"



side of the opened manhole.

A few minutes later a head poked out through the hole. Then Jeff went into action. He started a swing from the ground and his fist clubbed against the chin of the man emerging from the hole, with the force of a pile driver.

Quickly, he grabbed the limp figure under the arm pits and dragged it the rest of the way out, layed it neatly alongside the hole.

Another head appeared and Jeff went through the same routine, until he had four decidedly unconscious men lined up in a row.

By this time, a cop who had observed Jeff's running figure, before, arrived on the scene, puffing.

Jeff pointed to the prone figures. "The river pirates," he said calmly. "There's one more down there's got wise that something is funny up here. He's afraid to show his head."

"Glory be, lad!" The cop exclaimed. "I'll go down after him!"

Clothes tattered and torn by the blast, Jeff staggered on, and turned down a narrow waterfront street for a block and then into a dead-end alley.

You see, Jeff Farno knew the waterfront like a book. He could lead you anyplace in it, with his eyes shut. He knew right where the first manhole was that opened from that abandoned sewer.

Scrambling over ashcans, he came to that manhole. He bent and lifted up the cover, listened to the sound of running feet in the sewer below him. He squatted there by the

"No, you won't," Jeff said easily. "I got to land all the pirates to get that reward money!"

With that, Jeff eased himself down through the opened manhole and disappeared from sight. A few minutes later shots echoed back and forth through the empty sewer tunnel. Then there were screams of rage and pain.

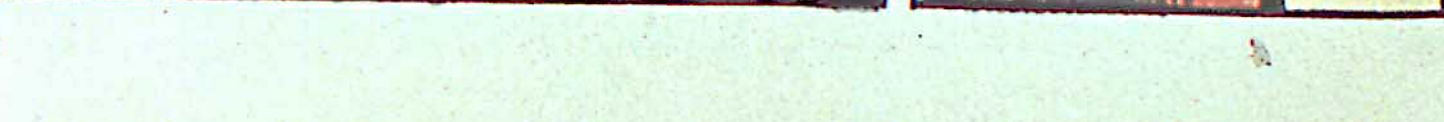
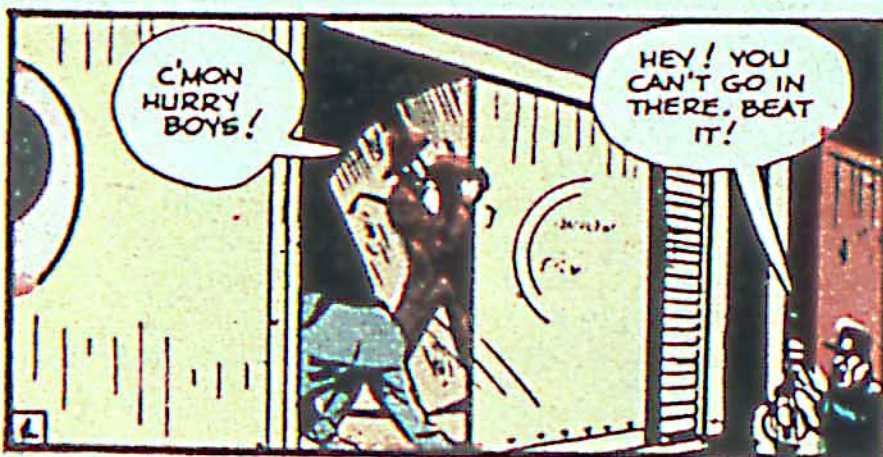
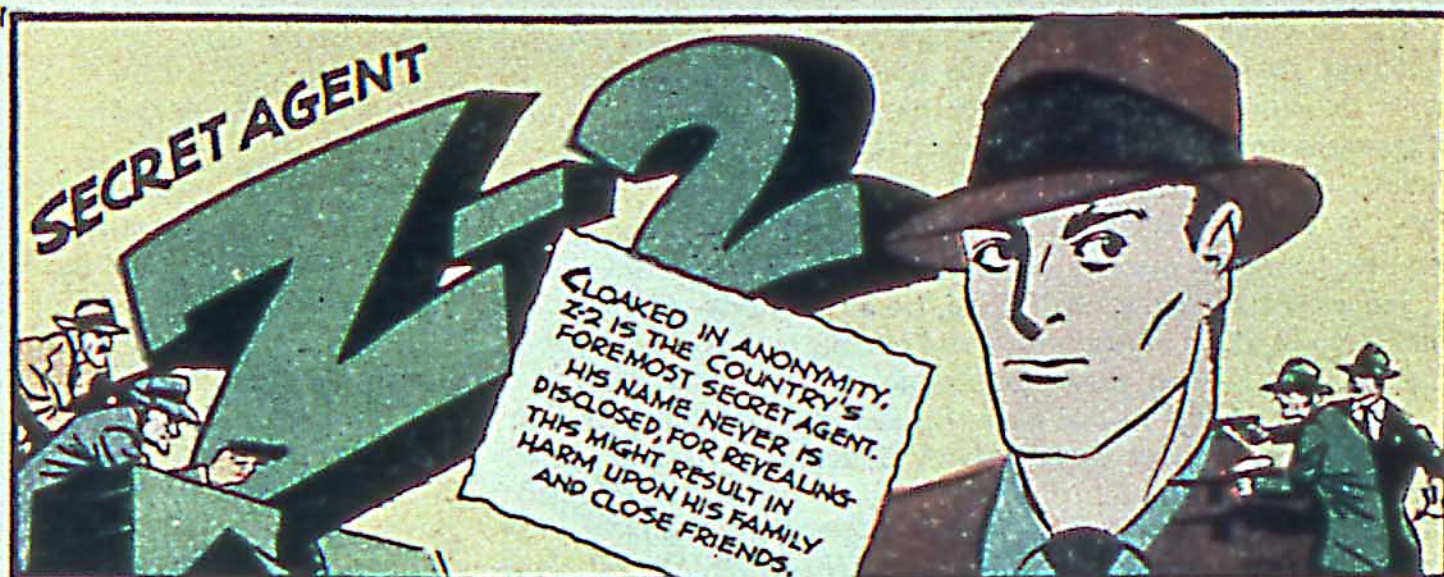
The cop unholstered his gun, and started to climb down. Halfway he stopped. There was no need to go further. Jeff Farno was climbing up the ladder, dragging a whimpering, banged up looking river pirate.

"I had to sort o' rough him up a little," Jeff grinned.

That's how Jeff came to get the money with which he bought that snappy looking little fishing boat of his. And how he became the hardest working, biggest money earner among the fishermen on this waterfront. And how he became known as "The Waterfront Wildcat."

Jeff Farno just wouldn't work until he was his own boss.



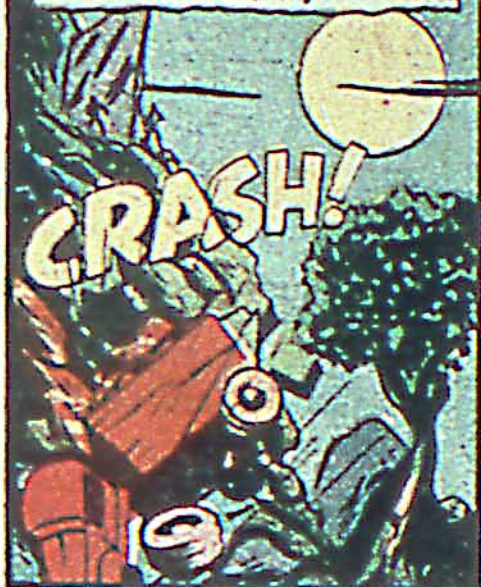








...AND CRASHES OVER  
THE CLIFF!



THE MEN THEN PROCEED TO TRANSFER THE CRATES  
FROM THE BATTERED TRUCKS TO THEIR OWN.



THAT KEROSENE TAKES  
CARE OF THE EVIDENCE  
VERY NIKELY!



LATER —

WELL, THAT'S THAT—NOW  
WE HAVE TO GET RID  
OF THE LOAD WE HI-  
JACKED LAST WEEK!



Z-2 COMES OUT OF  
HIDING!

WON'T THEY BE  
SURPRISED BY THIS  
JACK-IN-THE-BOX!



HERE'S THE LAST  
OF THIS LOAD—THEN  
YOU CAN SHOVE OFF!



REACH!









# SHANGRA

WITH JOAN JOYLE AND JACK FLYNN REPORTERS

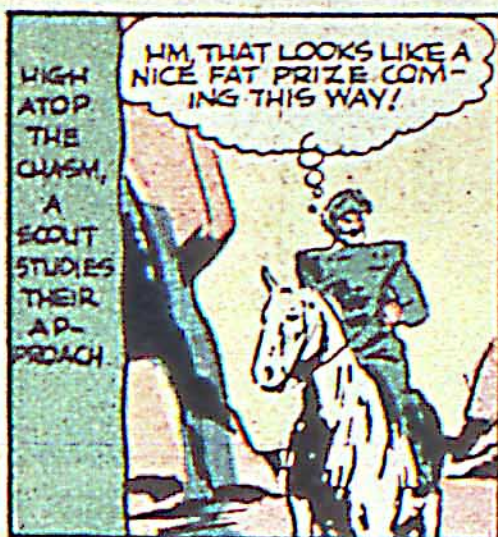
STORY BY NAM CHUNG PO

ILLUSTRATED BY  
PAGSILANG R. ISIP

WE SHALL SOON REACH THE PALACE, JACK. I SHALL TRANSFER TO YOU SUPERNATURAL POWERS THAT ARE RIGHTFULLY YOURS SINCE YOU ARE KING!

I GAVE IN TO BEING KING, BUT THE MYSTIC STUFF IS OUT!

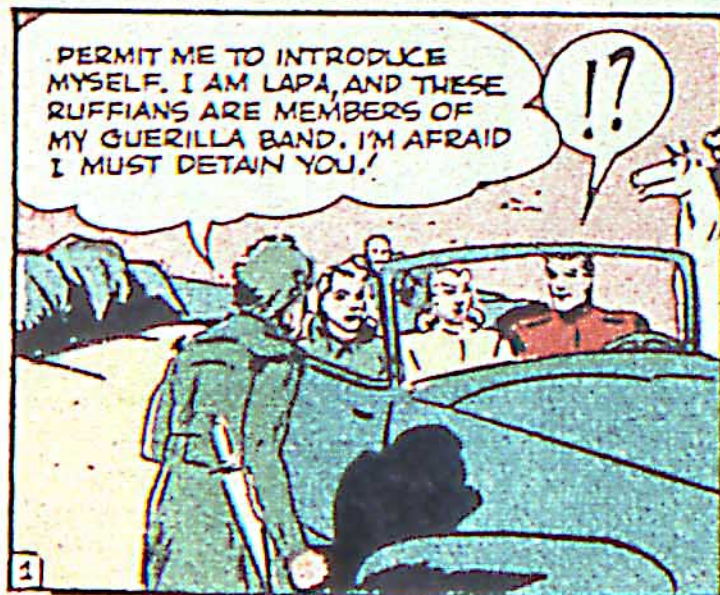
JOAN AND JACK ESCAPED FROM THE MYSTIC SHANGRALAND, TAKING LONNA AS HOSTAGE, WHEN THEY WERE CAPTURED BY A TRIBE OF BARBARIANS, HAVING CREATED A PANIC BY FIRING ONE OF THE COTTAGES, JACK WAS LEADING THE TWO WOMEN FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE SAVAGES, WHEN JOAN AND HE WERE SEIZED AGAIN. AS THEY FACED A DEATH SQUAD, LONNA, DRIVING THE CHIEF'S AUTOMOBILE, ROARED INTO THE YARD, PLUNGING INTO THE SOLDIERS, WHILE JOAN AND JACK LEAP ABOARD. AS THE CAR RACED FOR FREEDOM, SHANGRA SUDDENLY APPEARED AND INSTRUCTED LONNA TO RETURN TO THEIR PALACE.



HIGH ATOP THE CLASH, A SCOUT STUDIES THEIR APPROACH

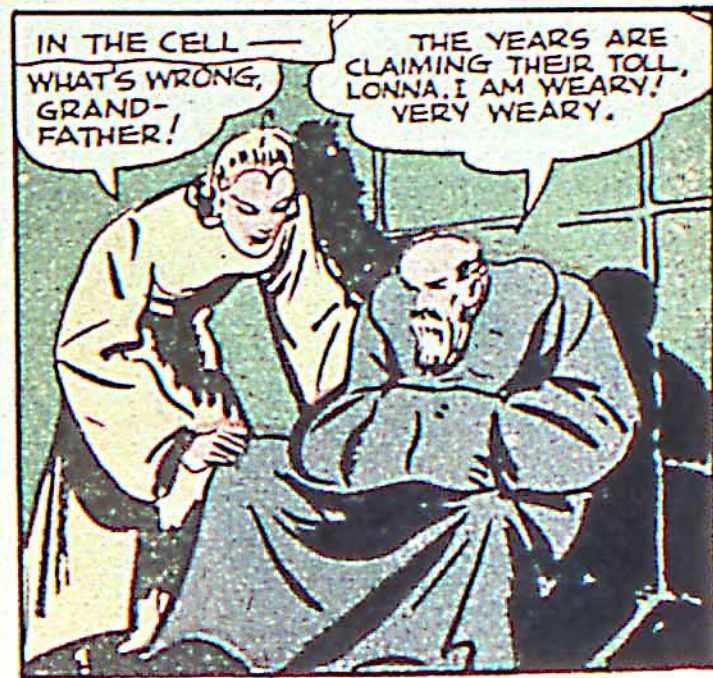


AND AS THE AUTO ENTERS THE CANYON, ....

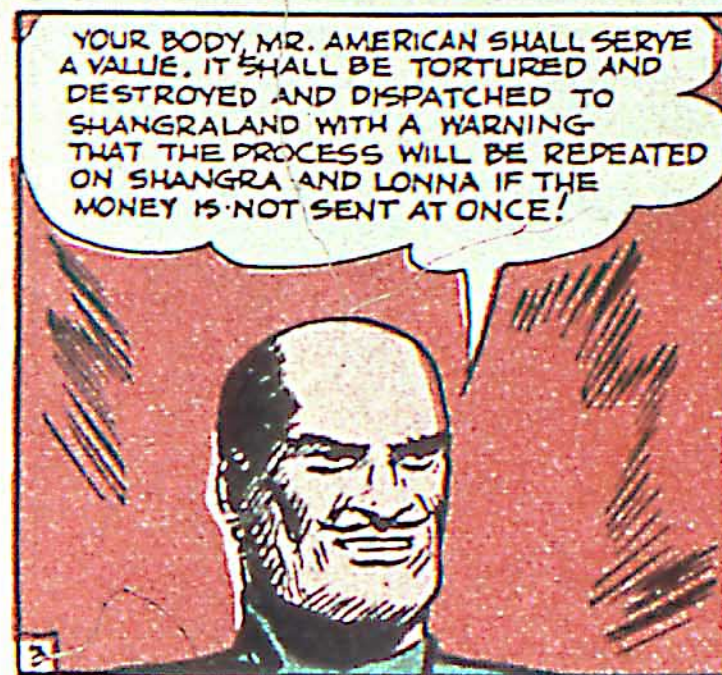


I DARE ANYTHING. I'LL GET IN THE BACK WITH THE OLD MAN, AND YOU, DRIVER, PROCEED BEHIND MY TROOPS WHO WILL LEAD THE WAY!

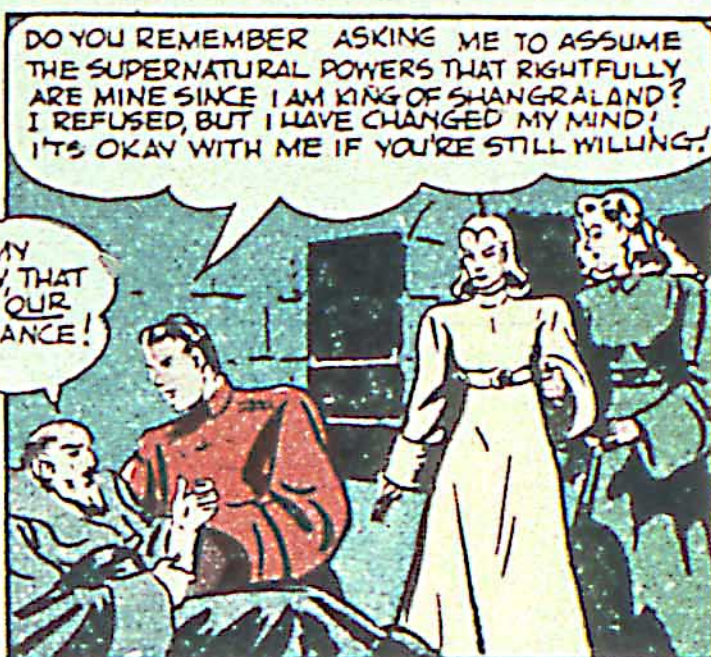
















SHANGRA  
TRANSMITS  
HIS  
WEAKENING  
POWERS  
TO  
JACK...



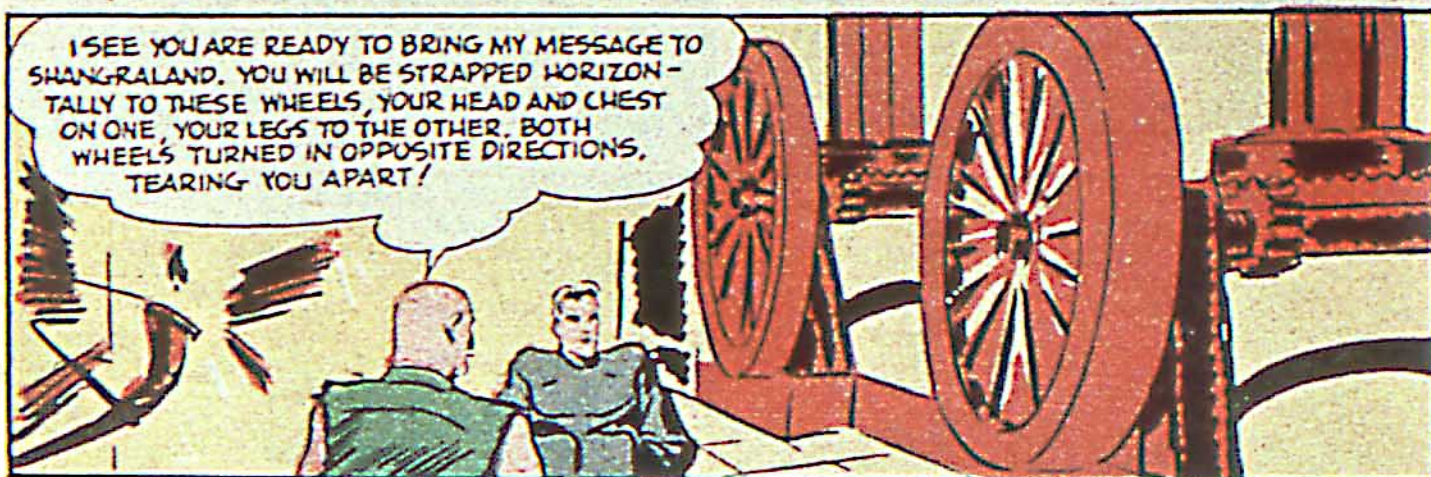
AH, THE GODS ARE WITH US!  
THIS IS FITTING BACKGROUND  
MUSIC FOR THE DRAMA WE  
ARE ABOUT TO ENACT. FETCH  
THE AMERICAN TO THE  
TORTURE CHAMBER!

GOOD, LAPA!  
I'VE BEEN WAIT-  
ING TO GET  
MY HANDS  
ON HIM!



LAPA, CALLS  
YOU!

WELL, I'M  
ALL SET NOW.  
I HOPE THIS  
MAGIC HOCUS-  
POCUS  
WORKS!



I SEE YOU ARE READY TO BRING MY MESSAGE TO  
SHANGRALAND. YOU WILL BE STRAPPED HORIZON-  
TALLY TO THESE WHEELS, YOUR HEAD AND CHEST  
ON ONE, YOUR LEGS TO THE OTHER. BOTH  
WHEELS TURNED IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS,  
TEARING YOU APART!



JACK RAISES HIS ARMS-FLASHES  
OF FIRE AND ELECTRICITY  
EMINATES AND HE VANISHES!



HE'S GONE!

THAT  
GUY'S A  
SPIRIT!

?



SUDDENLY-A VOICE FROM NOWHERE  
ON THE CONTRARY, I AM STILL HERE,  
BUT I AM INVISIBLE. I WON'T LEAVE  
YOU BIRDS UNTIL I'VE RESCUED  
MY FRIENDS!

YOU'RE A SOR-  
CERER. I DARE  
YOU TO MATERIAL-  
IZE!

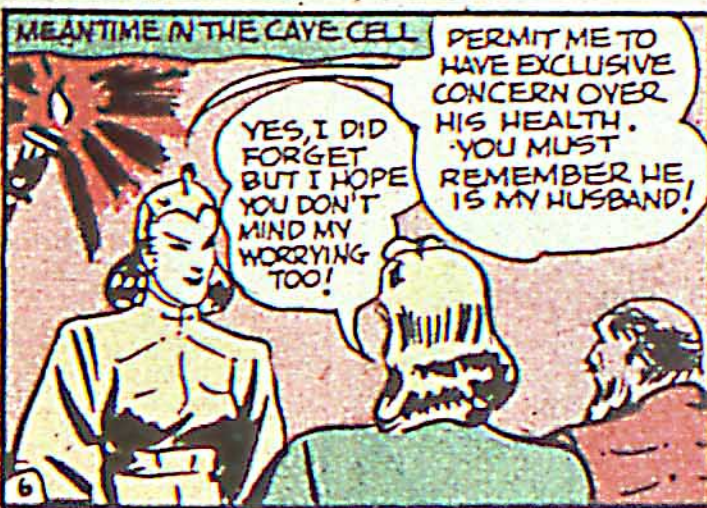
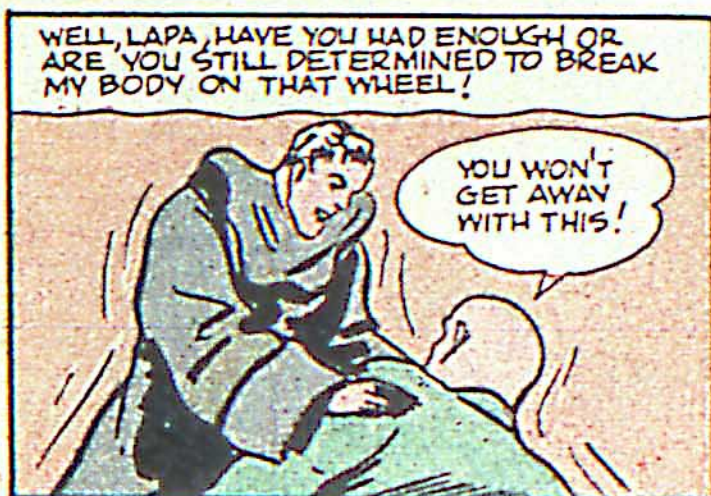


POP!

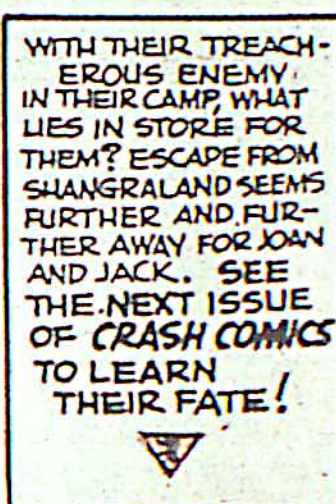
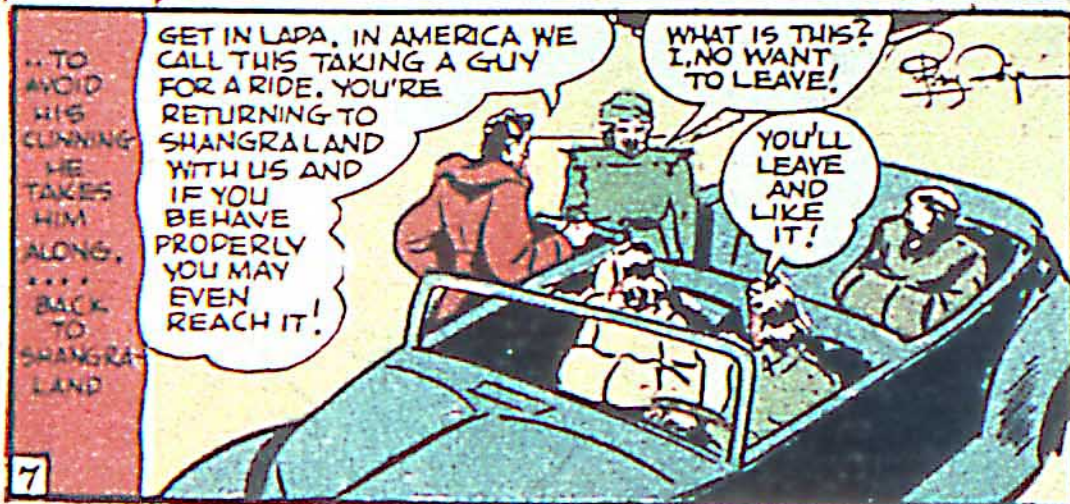
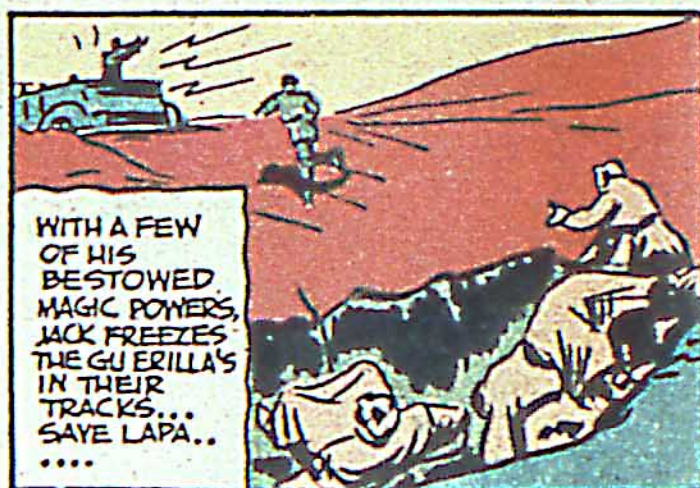
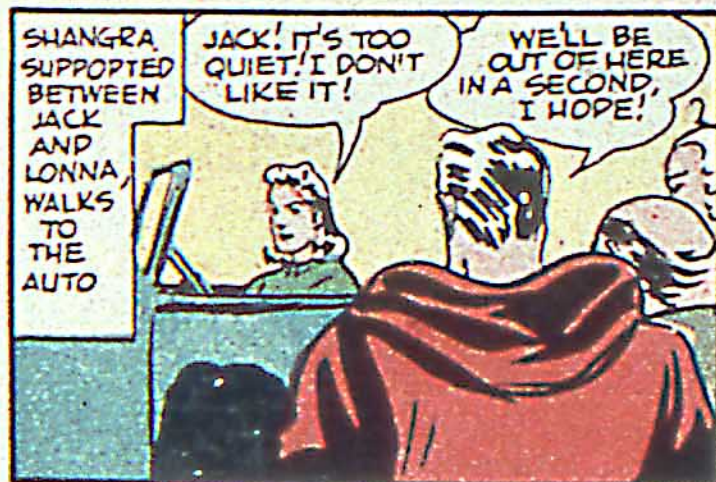


ANYTHING YOU WISH, LAPA!  
YOU'RE HEAD MAN AROUND HERE,  
I COULDN'T DISOBEY YOU,  
COULD I?















# Fifty Famous Fingers

**NOW WRITE WITH  
REMINGTON  
NOISELESS  
TYPEWRITERS**



## THE WORLD'S MOST SCIENTIFICALLY REARED CHILDREN... USE REMINGTONS FOR THEIR SCHOOLWORK

World famous educators have discovered a new and better method of teaching the 3 R's, by using typewriters. And the guardians of the lovely Dionne Quintuplets—world's most scientifically reared children—have wisely decided to give the Quins the advantages of typewriters in their school work. They chose Remington Noiseless Portables.

Would you like to know how easy it is to own a Typewriter just like those used by the Dionne Quintuplets? Also, how easy it will be to do your home lessons and why teacher can give you better marks too? Just send Coupon.

## THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY \$1.00 WITH ANY Remington Portable

Just think! A beautiful desk in a neutral blue green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibreboard—is now available to you for only \$1.00 with your purchase of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that you can move it anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office right in your own room! Mail the Coupon Today!



## Specifications:

All Essential Features of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide; black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet. Touch regulator. Guarantee... one year.



**We Pay  
ALL  
Shipping Charges**

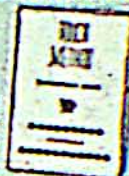
## WHAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WANTS... NEEDS

Remington Rand has developed a new Exclusive Educational Keyboard for use of the Quintuplets. Now, you too can enjoy the use of this marvelous keyboard. It is standard in every way yet it will write simple mathematics and eight languages... English, French, German, Spanish, Latin, Italian, Dutch and Portuguese. It can be used for work in the elementary grades, high school and college, in addition to the many uses for home and business. Send the coupon below for more information.

## FREE TOUCH METHOD INSTRUCTION BOOK

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent FREE while this offer holds.

**SPECIAL CARRYING CASE** Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case, attractively built of 3-ply wood, bound with special Dupont Fabric.



## THIS COMBINATION FOR AS LITTLE AS 10¢ A DAY

How easy it is to pay for this combination. Just imagine! Only a small good will deposit and terms as low as 10¢ a day to get this wonderful combination at once. You will never miss 10¢ a day. Become immediately the owner of this combination. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. Send it TODAY.

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk!

## SEND NO MONEY! CLIP COUPON... SEND IT NOW!

Remington Rand Inc., Department 414-B  
465 Washington Street, Buffalo, New York

Tell me without obligation how to get a free trial of the new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet; also about your 10¢ a day plan. Send catalog.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**ACT NOW  
on this  
BARGAIN OFFER!**